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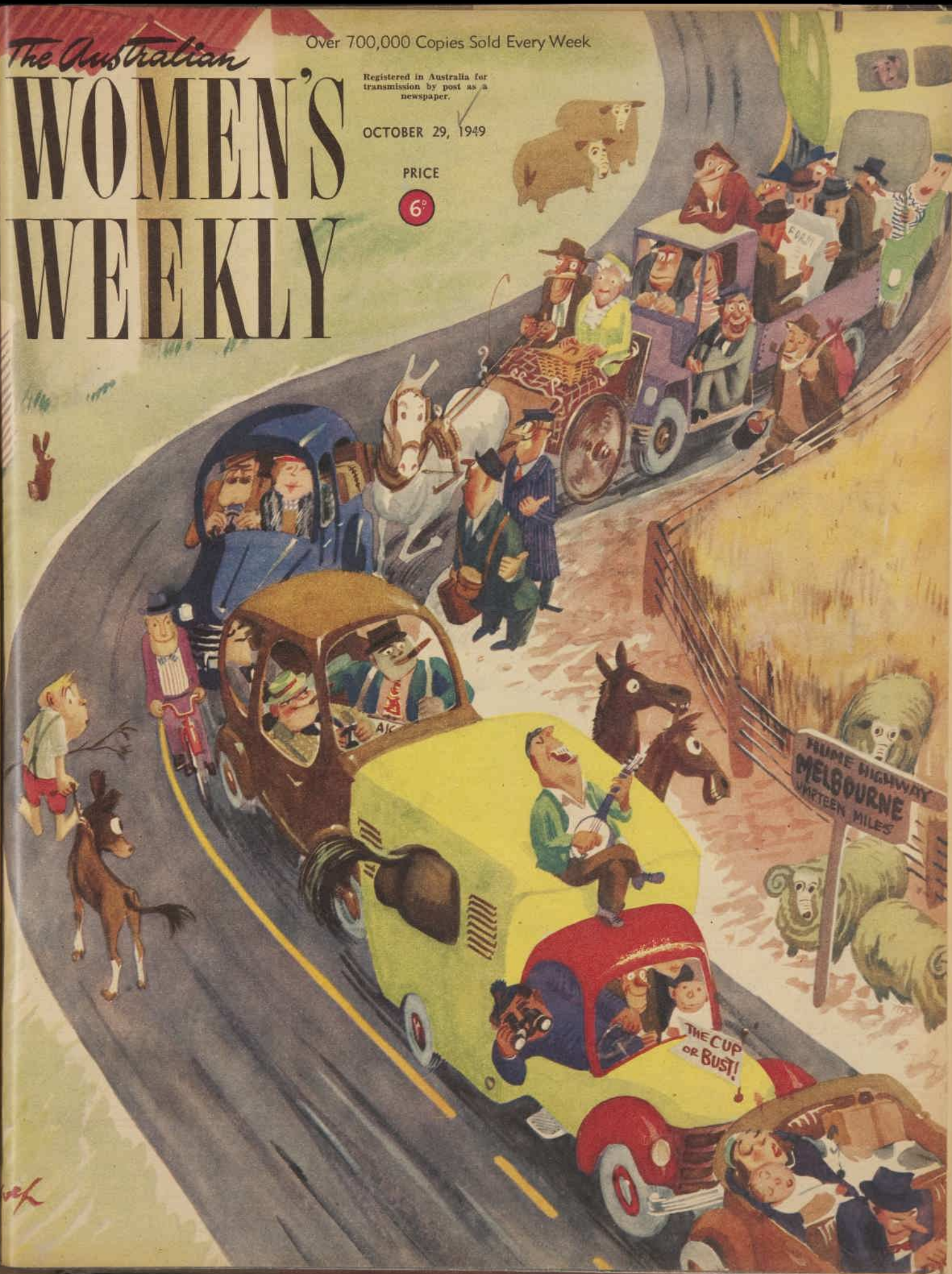
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OCTOBER 29, 1949

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WOMEN'S WEEKLY



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15/F/29A



Beautiful Schemer

Jimmy waited uneasily while Carol studied Inge.

**By IRVING
GAYNOR NEIMAN**

WE are not concerned here with a world in crisis or with the troubled intercourse of nations. It is springtime, when the proper concern of the world is with love. Nations do not fall in love, but young people most certainly do, particularly in the springtime.

It is no later than ten o'clock in the morning when I am standing at the horseshoe bar of the Delegates Lounge of the United Nations. A gentle breeze stirs the mauve drapes at the windows and I think, not without wistfulness, of an earlier springtime when my beard was not grey or my manner decorous.

I hardly anticipated finding other occupants of the bar at this early hour, but apparently I am not alone in my problems. There is standing beside me a young man of pleasant aspect whose problems surely overshadow mine, for his remedy is far more drastic.

When I have sipped my sherry in a contemplative silence for some

five minutes, the young man beside me has consumed an astounding quantity of Scotch whisky. The young man then turns and addresses me, not without dignity.

"You have a friendly face," he says. "Would you like to hear a fairy story?"

"Most certainly," I respond courteously, although the desire to hear such a story is far from my mind.

"This is a story of a boy and a girl in love. They were separated in the trials of war and had given up hope of finding each other again."

"Ah," I sigh.

"One day when the young man was walking through these very corridors, whom should he meet but the young lady in question. That's a fairy story, isn't it?"

Please turn to page 4

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CRITERION

FEELING

very
benevolent, I smile at the young man.
"It's more than a fairy story," I say.
"It's a miracle. It's surely a miracle
even to be able to find your way
about these halls of ours."

The young man says, "This should
be the end of the story, but it is only
the beginning. The young couple
are reunited—but not quite. For
convenience, we will call the young
man Jimmy and the young girl
Inge."

"Ah!" I say. It is an unfortunate
use of a word which in diplomatic
parlance can convey a range of ex-
pression from the slightest to the
most grave.

"Why do you say that?" he in-
quires cautiously.

"An expression of interest in your
story," I say. "Nothing more."

"Ah," he says. (This normally
means no more than "Ah.") "At this
moment of the meeting, young
Jimmy has in his hand some impor-
tant documents of the American dele-
gation, by whom he is employed.
Seeing Inge, he stuffs them in his
pocket and forgets about them. To-
gether they leave the United
Nations to attend a cocktail party to
which they both have been invited.
Notice the coincidences, please."

"Coincidence is not only the foun-
dation of every fairy story," I mur-
mur, "but of life itself."

The young man at the bar then
tells me in considerable detail how
the young couple called Jimmy and
Inge drove together to the cocktail
party. They learned that each was
employed by a delegation—he, American, she, Bereslavian.

"Bereslavian?" I inquire.

"We will call it Bereslavian," he
says with a conspiratorial wink of
his eye. "A small European nation."

"Ah," I say, with more discretion
than before.

As the car drew up before the
house, young Jimmy turned to the
lovely girl beside him. Her hair was
golden, her features finely moulded,
her eyes slanted upward slightly at
the corners like those of many Bere-
slavian women.

"Inge," the young man said softly.

"Jimmy?"
He patted her hand. "I just
wanted to be sure it was really you.
It takes more than a few hours for
a man to get used to a miracle."

A zephyr of springtime wafted the
gentle fragrance of flowers to them,
and the sight of the stately green
trees was a thing of wonder.

He said, "Darling, do you know
how I was first sure it was you?
My leg began to throb."

She touched his left leg in a
quick gesture of compassion. "It
still pains you, Jimmy?"

"My leg hasn't bothered me for
months. I'd hardly know it was
gone, most of the time. But there
I was in the green corridor and I
saw the back of a girl's head and
my leg throbbed and I said to my-
self, 'It's Inge. It's got to be.'"

She smiled. "You are joking."

"Not a bit," he said. "You are
known and loved by every part of
me, wherever it may be. No other
woman can make that statement."

"Jimmy, Jimmy." She leaned
her head against him, rubbing her
face against his shoulder. "I could
not believe it was you, at first. I
thought, 'What would my Jimmy be
doing in the green corridor of the
United Nations?'"

"Whoo, now," Jimmy said. "I'll
admit I'm only a junior-type Press
secretary, but I'm official out there."

"What nonsense," she said. "You
will be a great diplomat and I shall
be so proud of you. It is just that
I remember you only when you were
an American soldier in Bereslavian."

"You were quite a soldier your-
self," Jimmy said. "How did you
ever switch to U.N.?"

"You will laugh, Jimmy. I am
a translator into English."

"What's so funny about that? You
speak English very well."

"You think I do, Jimmy? It is
because I studied and studied after

Beautiful Schemer

Continued from page 3

you left. Because I said to myself
that I must be ready one day to say
in English to you, 'Hello, Jimmy,
darling, I love you still.'"

He drew her close to him. "Bless
your heart," he said, "those were
the first words I taught you."

They were silent for a moment,
this young couple, as they remem-
bered many things. Their thoughts
went back to the war and to the
country called Bereslavian and to
their love, snatched, so to speak,
at the cannon's mouth.

As they sat together, Jimmy said,
"Mrs. James Gorham. How does it
sound, darling?"

She laughed shyly and said, "I
know very well how it sounds. I
would say it to myself before I went
to sleep, after my English lesson.
'Good evening, Mrs. Gorham.' May
I present to you Mrs. James Gor-
ham, the wife of the famous Ameri-
can aviator?"

"I'm through with flying now. It
will have to be Mrs. James Gor-
ham, wife of the bush-league diplo-
mat."

"It is an even nicer dream, Jimmy.
I will remember it very well when
I have need for dreaming again."

"You'd better remember it, wak-
ing or dreaming," he said. "How
about to-morrow, first thing?"

"To-morrow?"
"We can drive down to Maryland
or whatever it is they have the quick
weddings."

INGE was silent
for a moment. Then she reached up
and kissed Jimmy gravely on the
check.

"Thank you, Jimmy, for asking
me to be your wife. It makes me
very proud and happy. But, of
course, it is blavdi."

"Blavdi?"

"Hopeless."

"What's hopeless?"

"Our marriage, of course. Surely
you see that as an American diplo-
mat you cannot have a Bereslavian
wife."

"You're not serious!"

She shook her head in impatience.

"How could you think I would joke
about such a matter?"

The young man was not quite
able to comprehend what he had
heard. "Look, darling," he said.

"You don't get it. I'm proposing
to you single-handed—on my own.
This isn't a diplomatic gesture. My
job has nothing to do with it."

"But it has a great deal to do
with it. A diplomat with a foreign
wife would soon be useless to his
country. I have seen it happen. Your
friends and compatriots could not
accept me as your wife."

The young man shook his head in
puzzlement. "You
make this sound
like an inter-
national incident.
All I want you to
do is marry me!"

"You cannot
change the fact
that in your coun-
try I am a for-
eigner."

The young man
said, "For heaven's
sake don't keep
talking about
foreigners. There
are no foreigners
any more. We're
living in a One
World. I can
quote you the sec-
tion of the char-
ter!" An idealist,
this one!

She said, "You
believe this,
Jimmy?"

"Of course I
believe it!"

"Of course," she
said. "It is your
nature to believe
what is good and
right. But in Bere-

slavia we have long ago learned the
meaning of fine phrases."

"They're not fine phrases! They're
fact! That's what the United
Nations is all about!"

His face had grown a pink color.
She took his hand in hers and said,
softly, "Jimmy."

He said, "Darling, believe me, you
don't know what you are talking
about."

"Jimmy, listen to me. I love you.
You love me. Is it not so?"

"Very much so."

"Then in these days we have a
very great deal. Believe me that I
am thinking only of you when I say
that our marriage cannot be." Her
eyes, oval in shape, were steady on
his. "We are greater realists than
you, in Bereslavian. Where marriage
is not possible, there is cooshnya.
These things are arranged."

"Cooshnya?"

"In America you would say an
affair, but it does not have the right
sound."

"An affair? Cooshnya?" Jimmy
waved a forefinger at her in a dis-
tracted manner. "Now, listen here!
Now look!"

She smiled. "What is it, Jimmy?
Am I so unattractive?"

"Will you stop?" he shouted. "I
want to marry you. I want you to
have a family, and everything!"

At this, her assurance faltered.
"Jimmy—"

He opened the door of the car,
stepped out with decision, and drew
her after him. "All right, now!" he
said firmly. "I haven't been a diplo-
mat very long, but this much I've
learned. When negotiations break
down, you take direct action. Come
on!"

"But, Jimmy, where—"

"To a cocktail party, inside. My
chief delegate is in there, and I
understand your new chief is, too.
If this is going to be a diplomatic
problem, we'll handle it on the top
level. Both of them will bless our
union, or I'll know the reason why."

"Jimmy, no!"

"Darling, yes!" He led her up
the sweeping front walk to the front
door and into the house.

It seems to me a problem not
without its poignancy. These are
people in love, but the matter does
not go smoothly. Nations are not
in love, as people are. No one says,
"Bereslavian, I love you," but the
Bereslavians. No one but the
Americans sing, "America, I love
you."

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RIVETS



Little Miss Philistine

By ANTHONY VANDON

brought back were my sore feet. It wasn't much fun to be home again. And, as I entered the front door, it didn't seem like home, either. The whole place smelt fresh, instead of from stale tobacco.

A banister rail came forward to hold me up. It was needed. As my pupils came back to a normal size, they accepted the fact that there was a girl in the living-room, and that she was painting something on canvas curiously resembling a poached egg. From the back, a loose smock made her resemble a half-empty wheat sack.

A second, unbelieving glance showed that the whole place had been taken over. The Gobelin tapestries had come down from the walls, the two Kashmir prayer-rugs had been rolled up, and a Louis Quatorze console had moved down the wall.

I said, "Excuse me . . ."

She said, without even looking up from the painting, "Must you interrupt me? Really, it's so annoying."

I choked and she turned around. As she did so, paint dribbled from her brush and formed a semi-circle on the floor. In any other circumstances, she might have looked attractive, seeing she was young, with grey eyes, a mouth too wide, and lots of red hair. The wheat sack was liberally splashed with paint and patches of red-orange, and bright color glowed on her cheeks.

"Well?" I bellowed.

"Well?" she said, in a small voice just about fitting her for size. "Are you—are you trying to sell something?"

"Listen," I said, and came down the steps leading into the sunken room. "You're the one who's selling things! Who let you in here?"

She backed away, her eyes grew wider, and the dripping brush came point forward, like a defending sword. She kicked a japanned box,

"Why—this bed's a rare antique," he exclaimed, clasping his hands together ecstatically.

and I saw the stencilled name, "Trudy Blair." Within a small error, she looked twenty, giving me a ten years' margin, more than enough to dominate the proceedings.

"I am not," I said, speaking very distinctly, "used to finding strange people in my house. And I'm going to . . ."

"Your house!" she said.

" . . . either get a fair explanation or throw you out. You're not my Aunt Matilda or something, are you? Or have you some quaint ideas about squatting?"

Instead of replying, she swung her back on me and started to put some more daubs on the poached egg. It left me groping a bit. I dislike talking to wheat sacks. So I stood, with arms folded, and waited.

Then she said, still in the small voice, "If you don't leave, I'll scream. If that doesn't work, I'll get the police."

I snorted. "Scream? This is King's Cross. And the police won't mind. The streets are full of the bleached bones of trespassers who've been tossed out of flats."

She reached in the pocket of the incredible smock, pulled out a piece of paper, and held it towards me, without looking around. "I presume," she said, "that you can read."

I could and I did. It was a receipt for three weeks' rent in advance on my house. All at once, I felt a bit sorry. "Not that old trick?" I said. "You didn't fall for that one? I didn't think anyone could be as green as that."

She turned slowly and stared at me, the grey eyes worried. And, from the way she fumbled with the brush, I could see that she was no longer so sure of herself.

"You're not Mr. Hall!" she said, defiantly.

"I most certainly am."

"But you can't be. He—he said you wouldn't be back for three months. That you'd gone away to the country and left him to let this place for you."

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—October 29, 1949

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Freda



No. 5 (Numéro Cinq) No. 8 (Numéro Huit) No. 12 (Numéro Douze)

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Poison in the House

By A. E. MARTIN

DOMINEERING REFF STEEN is well pleased with himself when he arranges to bring his niece, VASHTI STEEN, to his station home, Pelvernon, then to marry her immediately to CHARLIE BATES, a young farmer.

However, the girl, dismayed by gloomy Pelvernon and its occupants, PETE GORRIK, half-witted HOLPER, and JEDIDAH, the housekeeper, falls madly in love with STEVE GARVIE, whose property, Hucksditch, has been bought over his head by Steen. Garvie asks her to marry him secretly.

Meanwhile, Jedidah tells her that Steen, years ago, was responsible for the death of his young wife, Dulcinea. Because Holper knows of this, Steen is faking evidence to have him taken away by SERGEANT BEN LAKE.

He is telling the girl of his plans for her marriage when a shot is fired at them from the darkness.

Now read on:-

WITH a mighty kick, Steen slammed the kitchen door shut. The bullet had lodged among the dishes in the open dresser. In the stables the chained dog began barking furiously.

Jedidah was shouting from the passage asking what had happened.

"Some un fired shot, that's what," Steen flared angrily. "From the dark. Dang near took my head off. You all right, Vashti?"

"I'm not hurt," she told him. "Good. Don't make no light till I pull shade tight over window."

The women could hear him moving about, and presently he grunted.

"That's fixed," he said, and struck a match and applied it to the oil lamp on the table. With the match still in his hand, he regarded Jedidah with frowning brow. "This 'bout clinches it, old woman. Just as well I fixed with Ben Lake to take un off."

Jedidah said tonelessly, "You blamin' Holper again?"

"Who else?" he asked, flicking the match over his shoulder. "Pete's away."

She reached for the lantern on top of the dresser. "I'm goin' to stables," she announced.

He made no protest, and she lifted the slide of the lantern and lit the wick of the candle inside.

When she was at the door he said, "Got to warn you, Jedidah. The devil's in un again. Perhaps he won't care who he shoots."

"He won't shoot me," she said curtly.

Steen was at the door in two strides, standing behind it, edging it open cautiously an inch at a time.

"You're takin' risk, old woman," he told her.

"Some un's got to see 'bout it," she said, and stepped out.

Steen closed the door and locked it. "Sit down, Vashti," he said solemnly, and took the seat opposite.

"Got to give thanks to the Lord for savin' me again," he said at length. "That were close call." He shook his head disapprovingly. "Mighty close call. Bit closer and

PART EIGHT OF A TWELVE-PART SERIAL

you'd been boss o' Pelvernon all right."

"Oh, please . . ." she began, but he was immediately talking of the way Holper's mentality had deteriorated. He'd always been daft but never dangerous. Lately the daftness had taken possession of his tongue. He was talking wild, imagining things, mixing people up in a mad way.

Jedidah, he'd noticed, was getting a little that way, too. And now Holper had become homicidal. Taking a second shot at him!

"Fore we know it he'll have bullet in me and I won't be able to give you and young consort a hand," he asserted with grim humor, but she was hardly listening, aware that some thought had flashed in and out of her mind.

Now, in the welter of his droning argument, it was eluding her. A

voice called from the yard, and she sprang to her feet.

"It's Jedidah."

"Careful," he said as she turned the key in the lock. She could see the lantern light swinging outside the stable door, and hear Jedidah calling to them to come and see.

Reluctantly, she thought, Steen crossed the yard with her, and, entering the stable, they followed the bobbing lantern along the line of loose-boxes and through the gloomy harness-room. Jedidah raised the lantern so that the light fell upon the far bed.

Holper was lying outside a grey blanket with a red and blue striped border, his head on the uncovered pillow, his hands clasped upon his breast. With the subdued light softening his features, and a lock of fair hair falling across his forehead, he looked in his white nightgown like a sleeping choirboy.

"There," Jedidah whispered, triumphantly. "He's fast asleep. Even the shot didn't wake him."

His palm heavy on the girl's shoulder, Steen regarded the sleeper for a long moment, then he gestured brusquely to the door.

They followed him to the harness-room and he bade Jedidah hold the lantern high while he looked about. Shaking his head dubiously, he turned back to the room in which Holper lay, closed the door, turned the big iron key in the lock, and dropped it into his pocket.

Jedidah began to lead the way past the horse-stalls, and was almost at the door of the stables when Steen

uttered an exclamation. "Wait. Show lantern." A gun leaned against the wall just inside the entrance, and he picked it up, broke it, and, lifting it to his nostrils, sniffed.

"Fired not long since," he said. "I guess daftie got scart himself knowing what he'd done, left gun, and bolted back to his room."

"And fell fast asleep? Hear that, Vashti?" Jedidah's voice was scornful.

"Perhaps he did it in his sleep," the girl said, wondering.

Jedidah sniffed impatiently. The dog, Griff, began to bark, and Steen silenced it with a harsh word, and the three of them stood at the half-door, listening.

From behind the building and in the direction of Hucksditch there came the sound of a horse's hoofs, quite a distance away, but distinct in the clear night air. The thudding on the earth track drew nearer, and there came the voice of a man singing.

"Good-bye, Dolly, I must leave you . . ."

"Though it breaks my heart to go," "Pete," Steen said, answering the question in their eyes.

Presently the sound of song and hoofbeat ceased, and they guessed Gorrik was lifting the loop securing the gate of the yard, for there was a following creak and the horse began to move again. Pete took up his song but stopped abruptly as he rounded the angle of the stable and caught sight of the lantern.

"What's wrong?" he called.

Please turn to page 33

Page 7

Always look for the name MORLEY on Underwear . . .

LUCAS

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them at your favourite store.



By **RICHARD THRUENSEN**

MR. WINKLE read: "A heady smell of perfume pervaded the room. A black ship, trimmed with lace, and several pairs of nylon stockings were strewn across the satin bedcover. A bottle of nail-polish lay in the middle of a viscous, scarlet puddle on the carpet. Bronson, after a quick look around, crossed to the bed-table where an ivory phone—"

A voice—not loud, but insistent—interrupted Bronson, "Henry... are you down there?"

Henry Winkle put a forefinger on page sixty-seven, closed a small, paper-backed volume titled "The Case of the Stretched Garter," and pulled himself to his feet. At the door he listened for a moment to the sounds of a large body moving purposefully back and forth between bath and bedroom.

"Yes, Lydia?"

"Henry, I'm going out. I've left some things in the refrigerator for your lunch. There's salad and—"

The words faded away into a linen cupboard, and then materialised again, "—in the oven. And, Henry, be sure to take that dog out. He's been inside all the morning."

Mr. Winkle said, "Yes, Lydia," and retreated to his chair.

Across the room, his hulk draped across a small sofa which was strictly out-of-bounds, that dog opened one eye and blinked at Mr. Winkle. Henry nodded reassuringly. The eye closed, the muzzle twitched, and Hercules dropped off into a wary doze. Mr. Winkle rejoined Bronson as the detective crept around the scented boudoir.

An uneasy, vigilant silence settled over the little back room which Lydia Winkle called, with elegant inaccuracy, "Henry's study."

Bronson was on his knees examining the spilled nail-polish when Hercules slid off the sofa with a grunt and arranged himself on the floor. Mr. Winkle sighed and closed his book. A moment later there was the sound of approaching steps—first on the stairs, then in the hall, and finally across the dining-room.

As the door opened, Hercules yawned—a piece of plain impudence. Mr. Winkle smiled without pleasure.

Henry Winkle had never been able to decide just what had happened to his wife

Esther Harrigan turned coyly. "Why, it's Mr. Winkle," she said, "and what a lovely dog!"

HUSBAND'S REBELLION

during their fifteen years of marriage. When he thought about it—which he did as seldom as possible—the phenomenon of Lydia's transformation from a shy, if stalwart, bride to an oversized, executive-type matron seemed to be the result of some slow process of accretion, like the growth of a glacier.

Lydia had simply expanded, both physically and spiritually—if the term can be used—for no apparent cause and through no transitional stages discernible to the eye. And as Lydia expanded, Henry had—it seemed to him—contracted. What had started out as a companionable voyage of two spruce yachts through the choppy waters of life had ended as the passage of a full-rigged sailing vessel with a dinghy bobbing in its wake.

Henry Winkle was the dinghy.

On this spring Saturday morning, Mr. Winkle observed ruefully, Lydia was sporting a new set of sails. Her solid, four-square figure was pressed snugly into a tailored suit, her greying hair was topped with a primly gay hat, and her capable hands were working themselves into a pair of doeklin gloves.

Between the hat and something frilly at the neck, Lydia's face was wearing its usual expression of controlled benignity—she had the look of a chairman of the board watching his employees line up at the firm's cafeteria.

As she reconnoitred the room from the doorway, Henry mentally ticked off the spot where he had brushed up the spilled ash-tray, the pile of magazines in the corner, and the telltale impression of Herc's recent snooze on the couch. So did Mrs. Winkle. But, strangely, she chose to ignore this

domestic sabotage. She gave Henry a small, preoccupied smile.

"I'm going now, Henry. Don't forget what I said about your lunch," Mrs. Winkle said. "And do take that dog out. This is no day to spend in here plotting and planning. I'll be back early."

Mr. Winkle sat with Bronson in his lap until he heard the car move down the driveway. Then he got up, looked at himself in the big mirror which hung above the fireplace, decided he didn't quite need a shave, and sat down again with a sigh. Herc climbed aboard the couch.

"You shouldn't do that, you know," Mr. Winkle told the dog mildly, and left it at that. So did Herc.

Lydia's occasional references to his plotting and planning always left Mr. Winkle with a small glow. It was nonsense, of course. Henry simply liked to retreat to the relative security of the back room and read thrillers. He read them for the same reasons we all read them—except that Mr. Winkle probably had more of those reasons.

Lydia, to whom committee work and an immaculate house were the full flowerings of life, considered whodunits both stupid and a reprehensible waste of time. In some incalculable way she had decided that Mr. Winkle, and not the characters in the stories, did the plotting and planning during the long hours of silence which clothed the study.

Mr. Winkle, as content as the next man to be looked upon as a weaver of webs, had tried to correct this misapprehension once or twice and then dropped the whole matter.

Hercules was a comparatively recent addition to the back room. One morning

Mr. Auchincloss, managing director of Henry's firm, had overtaken Mr. Winkle in the corridor, slapped him on the back and given his unqualified opinion that Mr. Winkle had long wanted a fine young dog. Mr. A. did not add that the dog had been a gift to him and that he didn't like dogs.

Mr. Winkle, a dabbler in chess, knew all the answers to an opinion of the managing director—the answers being "Yes." The next day, to Lydia's horror and Henry's surprise, the Auchincloss chauffeur had delivered Hercules to the Winkle home.

Hercules, now two, was an animal with a fawn decor, and a black muzzle which engulfed two pounds of horse meat a day. Though he was only half the size of Mr. Winkle, Herc was easily twice as strong—a fact which was always embarrassingly apparent when he took Mr. Winkle for a walk.

Herc's attitude toward Henry was one of tolerant friendliness; he liked Mr. Winkle for what he was and, at the same time, wondered why he wasn't more. Herc made the back room his sanctuary because it provided him with a retreat from Lydia, whom he detested.

Mr. Winkle, after the first shock of acquisition had worn off, had prepared himself to dislike Herc. The dog's size, strength, and obvious awareness of his own good qualities—and those walks, when he regally towed Mr. Winkle through the streets—made Henry wonder if he hadn't added a canine Lydia to his household.

Gradually, however, Henry had come to see that he and Herc thought alike about a great many things. A sort of reserved friendship now existed between the two.

For some time after the car had departed in a clash of gears, the two males of the

Winkle household followed their own designs. Herc slept on the couch.

Mr. Winkle followed Bronson about the boudoir.

There was the matter of a blank memo pad on the telephone table which interested both Winkle and Bronson considerably. Bronson examined its surface by the window and found the impression of two half-obliterated words which Mr. Winkle spelled out for him.

Herc climbed off the couch and sat before the door, looking around at Mr. Winkle—an appeal no possible urgency could have forced him to make to Lydia. Mr. Winkle said, "All right," in a resigned tone and put his book aside. Looking for Herc's chain, Henry spied a memo pad on the table beside the telephone.

Please turn to page 36

Page 9



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At the Beach



● Newer than a beach hat or a huge umbrella, for sun and wind shield, is the tiny parasol made out of fabric, and embroidered with your initials.

● Ideal hat, above, for seaside cocktail party after a day on the beach is designed by Jean Desses and is a big square kerchief arranged over a rolled sparrie brim. Desses did it also in black with a straw fringe, which looked immensely smart. Kerchief ends can tie under chin, or under the hair at the back. It would be an easy hat to make yourself and is effective.



● Newest thing in sweaters is the one above created by Jean Desses. Shown here with one shoulder bare, it has a second elbow-length sleeve which has tapering ends. These tie across the bust and under the arm. Violette Cornille, noted for her originality, makes wicker bag.



● Slip-on fabric sandals by Jean Desses are given the 1949 look by their neat silhouette and heavy black embroidery.

● Alliance of knitting and fabric is being featured by the new Paris house, Lambert, and is shown in the jacket with its sleeves and back of knitted white thread and its front of navy-blue and red linen, giving it a waistcoat effect. The white linen sun-dress by Gres, above right, is simply cut, with a string halter tie at the neck and embroidered scallops as a gay trimming.



● Outsize beads made of glass or plastic in the gayest colors are a must in Paris with strapless sun-frocks, and look well against sun-tanned skin. Necklace at right is from Marcel Rochas.



● Black is latest craze for beach-wear. Jacques Fath uses it for huge hat, Marcel Rochas for beach bag.

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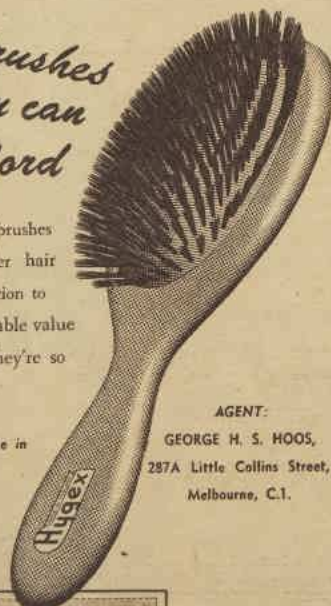
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● Jacques Fath teams printed pantaloons, a linen top with shoulder- straps, a wide belt knotted at the waist, and a lumberjacket type of bolero to make a yachting outfit or ensemble for a seaside week-end.



● Complete simplicity of cut is the chief charm of the blue - and - white printed cotton swimsuit, above, designed by Carven. It is styled for comfort and smartness in and out of the water.

(9)

● Back in first place again for the fashion - conscious this year, the classical one - piece swimsuit is smart in any color or fabric, but at its peak when it is lastex, as at left, designed by Henry a la Pensee.

DOWN TO THE SEA



● There's a piratical flavor about Pierre Balmain's tapering navy slacks; but he gives the yachting ensemble a feminine twist with the off-shoulder cotton blouse.



● Rust-colored privateer pants worn with a hip-length smock of blue-and-white check cotton and a matching scarf to make a head-piece are Bruyere's design for yachting or a day on the beach.



● Carven designs a striped towelling surf coat so big that it makes an ample beach rug as well. She cuts the wide sleeves with a sloping shoulder-line, and adds two huge pockets.

● For the young and slim Jacques Heim designs a classic shorts and bra swim-suit. He makes it of green-and-white striped cotton and gives the bra a practical smart halter neck. Two-piece suits are still favorites with many smart dressers.

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DOUGHMAN made by Janette has current eyes. Janette likes helping mother in the kitchen.



DOLL Snow White, more than 42 years old, is treasured by Jan. Doll is dressed like a bride in satin, tulle, and sequins.

Eight-year-old beat adults playing Bach

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

At the City of Sydney Eisteddfod a fair-haired little girl of eight, Janette Hamilton, amazed everyone when she came second in the Bach Pianoforte Championship, which is open to any age. She competed against 35 others, most of them between 19 and 25 years of age.

Missing first place by only three marks, Janette's second place made news. Adjudicator Beatrice Tange commented: "Janette is a really remarkably gifted child, and plays extraordinarily well. She has a natural feeling for the instrument, and is a born pianist."

WHEN we called to see her we asked Janette to play for us. Seated at the upright piano, she rubbed her hands together to make them warm, and launched into a Bach Prelude and Fugue.

There was no timidity in her approach, but a tremendous enjoyment and vigor.

The strong hands, with well-trimmed nails, stretch the full octave easily, and, playing from memory, she never faltered.

In the pleasant sitting-room, Janette's prizes from previous eisteddfods are in the place of honor on the mantelpiece.

Mrs. Ethel Hamilton (Janette's mother), herself N.S.W. Pianoforte Champion at the age of 16, was a music teacher before she married. Thrilled with her daughter's achievements, she listed some of the contests that Jan has won.

They include two firsts for 1946, three firsts in 1948, and four firsts at Wollongong, where the Hamiltons used to live. Janette has also won prizes for elocution and for violin, but her chief interest will always be the piano.

For future reference Mrs. Hamilton is taking Janette to town to make recordings of her playing.

"We've arranged that she'll have her Bach recorded soon," added Mrs. Hamilton. "And we would like to have a mounting collection of her recordings."

The Hamiltons, both proud parents, keep a scrapbook of cuttings on Jan's progress. Mrs. Hamilton cuts and glues the clippings in it, and Janette knows most of the criticisms by heart.

When she was three Janette had her first music lesson from her mother.

"I asked Mummy if I could learn," she told us.

By the age of four, Janette could play Bach's Minuet in G, and by the time she was six had reached Grade Three, passing all her previous examinations with honors. Now at the advanced age of eight, Janette is an omnivorous reader of lives of the great composers.

Goes to concerts

"I've read them all but Schubert so far," said Jan. "Do you know that Bach used to play at the Court of King Frederick the Great? I like Bach, Chopin, and Mozart best, I think."

Not all Janette's reading, however, is on this cultural level. In common with hundreds of children she enjoys Enid Blyton's books, and told me she specially loved "The Magic Faraway Tree," by that author.

She and her parents are regular concertgoers. Jan has heard Erna Berger sing, and Eunice Gardiner and Aleksandr Helmann play. Her great regret is that she missed hearing Eileen Joyce.

Eileen Joyce influences Janette's

piano practice. Instead of practising for an hour or two by the clock, Jan usually concentrates upon playing one piece perfectly 10 times, as Eileen Joyce does.

Janette is rarely nervous about entering a contest, though sometimes at home she gets rather jumpy when the chiming clock cuts across her playing, or when someone speaks unexpectedly.

She is not often tired, and treats her music as fun, not as a serious task to be done. Mrs. Hamilton thinks this attitude is the right one.

Janette has her own favorite thoughts on music. She likes the key of G Major best, but said ruefully that she didn't like playing in four flats. Her other likings at school include basketball, captainball, and tunnelball.

At present she is pestering her mother for a bicycle.

"I don't want her to have one," Mrs. Hamilton said, "because of the traffic in our suburb, but she's made me half promise to get her one if she can sight-read 'Bees' Wedding.'"

"I'll soon be able to do that," Jan cried triumphantly.

Several times a week Janette's music teacher, Mr. Karl Arkins, comes to her home to give her a lesson. Because Mrs. Hamilton had learnt from Mr. Arkins, it seemed logical to her that he should teach Janette, too.

Mr. Arkins does not follow the traditional methods of teaching. He taught himself at the age of 28, and has since worked out and published a system of his own.



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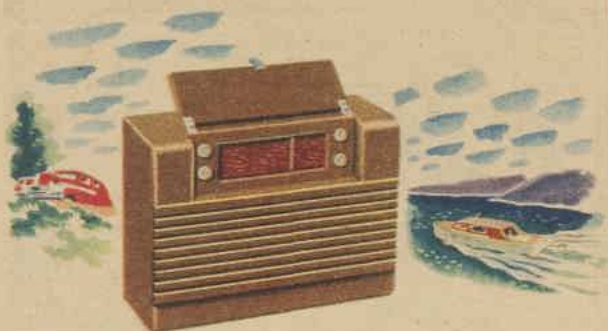
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"If a man didn't like my hat I'd take it off"

Diana Wynyard says she dresses to please women—but even more to please men

Famous actress Diana Wynyard says she is getting a tremendous kick out of growing older. Revelling in the best years of her life, at forty-three she has found that "life begins for a woman when she is mature enough to get her values straight and discards the hell-bent attitude of consciously striving for success."

"All the things you want gravitate to you the moment you let go that feeling of tension and just take a healthy, happy interest in your to-day," she says. She contends that growing to like people by exploring their personalities and accentuating the positive side of everyday situations are the things that go to make real living.

MISS WYNYARD is in Australia with the Stratford Shakespearean Company now appearing in Melbourne.

She has a personality which darts from debutante to dowager, sage to siren, career woman to comedienne in the space of a few minutes. The facet that is difficult to reconcile with the rest is her ability to exude terrific vitality and yet have a perfectly relaxed manner.

Her expressive hands are never still. Her eyes dance, flutter, and flash in harmony with the moment.

She can do a little clowning, or curl up, cat-like, on a couch, and still stay the elegant, poised woman who is always being mistaken for the Duchess of Kent.

Real keynote to her character is her graciousness.

She apologises to photographers when their flash globes don't go off. Says it's her fault, because she's a Jonah.

She switches the conversation from her own superb clothes collection by admiring the scarf a woman journalist is wearing.

She attributes her own love of clothes to her Scottish grandmother, who insisted it was a woman's duty to look agreeable as a social grace.

"I dress to please women, but to please men more," she frankly says. "I like clothes very much, but not because of vanity."

"If I were dining with a man and he didn't like my hat I'd take it off and sit on it. I'd feel too miserable to enjoy the meal if I felt he thought it was spoiling my appearance."

"I always feel uncomfortable when people are not at ease."

Fussing takes toll

ALTHOUGH she doesn't give a jot about growing older, she has an aesthetic dislike for the ugly bitterness which often goes with age.

"After the war a group of very dear friends of mine in New York had a wonderful reunion. We all decided that none of us had really grown a day older than when we last were together."

"Then we looked at some pictures taken of us as we were then. In spite of the fact that some heads are gray now, we were thrilled to think we all looked very much the same, all except one woman."

"She looked old now compared with her prewar picture. We realised this was because she had allowed herself to become embittered because of some domestic unhappiness."

"Fussing about things takes a toll. That's why it's no use for a woman to be untruthful about her age. The worry of fearing she'll be found out only adds more lines and makes her look older than she is."

It's not only the fear of being found out that makes Diana Wynyard such an essentially honest person. She just can't stand pretence.

Even as an actress, she prefers not to play the same play for two nights running.

"It is so much easier really to live a part if you don't have to play it every night," she says. "At Stratford, where I've been playing for the past two years, we continuously



GLAMOR. Diana Wynyard, famous stage and screen star, at a party in Melbourne.

alternate plays with one night this, the next night that."

Her enthusiasm for the Shakespearean theatre is infectious.

"Shakespeare is magnificent because he makes you develop your ego and become a bigger person," she says. "Before you go on stage in a Shakespearean play you say to yourself, 'Oh, golly, let me do this as he wanted it to be done.' You have to work like a beaver to rise to your part."

"This is the big difference between Shakespeare and so many modern playwrights. So often long-run modern play seasons have to be carried by the personalities of the performers. A long stretch of the same

thing night after night makes me so bored with myself I almost become neurotic."

"A musician would go crazy if he had to play exactly the same compositions every night for a couple of years. That's how most of us feel about long stage runs when a modern show is a smash hit."

You meet Diana Wynyard as a gracious glamor star. Then you try to analyse why she has that rank. Her short, softly waved, golden-brown hair is pleasing, but not eye-catching, and she runs her fingers

through it too continuously for any glamor hair-do to stay put.

Her complexion ("inherited from my Scottish grandmother, thank God") is fresh and clear but not any more so than the complexions of heaps of women you know.

Her features are well balanced but individually unexciting, except her eyes. They are stormy sea-blue and would have been highly inflammable to connoisseurs like Lord Byron.

Her figure is Edwardian—about a 38in. bust, slim waist and well-rounded hips.

Her filbert nails are unacquainted most of the time to be in character with the enormous keepsake ring in



EFFICIENCY. Diana Wynyard tackles all mail as it arrives to prevent letters mounting up.

the shape of clasped hands she wears on and off stage during Shakespearean seasons, because it's a genuine bit of Renaissance jewellery.

Her clothes epitomise good taste. They're classics, not salon sensation models—and the pride of her wardrobe is a 13-year-old white guipure lace evening gown which still makes her look breathlessly lovely.

It's her friendliness, femininity, humor, and unexpectedness of taste which combine to make her so attractive.

Her favorite bedside book is John Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress," and in the middle of talking about it she breaks into a eulogy of Nancy Mitford's new and sophisticated best-seller, "Love in a Cold Climate."

Diana Wynyard, as Beatrice in "Much Ado About Nothing," makes Shakespeare everyone's entertainment.

As Lady Macbeth, you feel she really does play the role as Shakespeare would have wanted it played.

Off stage, fifteen minutes with her can make even the most jaded housewife hitch up her nylons and decide to take a crack at really zestful living, too.

Our Cup Cover

OUR cover this week is the result of a request to artist Wep (W. E. Pidgeon) to give us his idea of how all roads to Melbourne look round about Cup time. Wep, who has done so many brilliant Melbourne Cup covers for us, said his inspiration on the subject had run dry. Then with his inimitable humor he painted this picture. He has packed on to the Hume Highway every conceivable type of conveyance going Melbournwards, and just one lone farmer's child leading a calf in the opposite direction.

SPORT FOR EVERYBODY

AUSTRALIANS pride themselves on being outdoor types to whom sport and exercise are natural recreations.

But a report tabled in Federal Parliament by the Commonwealth Council for National Fitness presents a different picture.

This states that the normal recreation of many Australians is merely the watching of sport of all kinds, particularly racing, or "just loafing round city streets and hotel bars."

Watching sport in the fresh air with intelligent appreciation of the wizardry of a Bradman or the skill of a Sedgman is a healthy enough way of spending an afternoon. Top-ranking sport has its fine traditions and brings many valuable assets into the national life.

The Melbourne Cup Carnival, too, is an enormous tourist attraction with almost the standing of a national festival.

In terms of physical fitness, however, one game of tennis or cricket played is worth a hundred watched from the grandstand.

It is rather sad to see how quickly formerly ardent young sportsmen and sports-women sometimes settle into flabbiness.

This is usually not from choice. They find, after marriage, that the family budget will not cover sports gear and club fees.

The National Fitness report asks for Government subsidies for recreational projects and stresses the urgent need for more playing fields.

If such facilities were made available to the people at small cost, the tendency to watch games rather than play them would quickly disappear.

MADAME DE STAEL: Fearless genius

ALTHOUGH she had countless lovers, and her five children had five different fathers, brilliant writer and conversationalist Germaine de Staël retained all her life a profound respect for and belief in the sanctity of marriage.

Probably the reason for this strange contradiction lay in her bitter disillusionment with her own marriage, which was forced upon her by her mother.

Ambitious, strong-minded Suzanne Necker, Germaine's mother, wrote her daughter a terrible letter practically declaring she would die unless Germaine carried out her wishes about her marriage.

Suzanne had one guiding principle in life, the political and social advancement of her enormously wealthy husband, Swiss banker Jacques Necker, who ultimately became Director-General of Finances under the rule of Louis XVI.

She was determined to use her daughter's marriage as a means to this end.

She had, when Germaine was only 16 years old, tried desperately to make her daughter consider marriage with England's 23-year-old Chancellor of the Exchequer, William Pitt the Younger, but Germaine had steadfastly refused.

Suzanne's next suggestion was the young Swedish Minister in Paris, Baron Eric Magnus de Staël-Holstein, and she chose him because he was an intimate friend of Marie Antoinette's favorite, the Swedish Count Fersen.

Germaine wrote sadly: "My mother wants me to marry—a man of position; my father prefers a man of affairs, while I would like to marry someone of whom I could be fond."

But Germaine gave in, and when she was 20, in January, 1786, she married the Baron, 17 years her senior, knowing well that her £80,000 wedding dowry was her chief attraction in his eyes.

To a woman with such giant intellect Germaine's husband must have seemed a complete non-entity. She loathed, too, his hopeless passion for gambling, although to the last she paid his enormous debts.

But what could she think of a man who in the seething, stupendous days of the French Revolution could do nothing but worry whether he would or would not lose his own little job as ambassador, a job he was given by King Gustavus of Sweden as part of Necker's marriage arrangements for his daughter.

Germaine, febrile, emotional, unstable, longed for some permanent human relationship, and she believed marriage was the most civilised way to achieve it.

This is the exalted view she had of marriage:

"It is in marriage that sensitiveness is a duty. In other relationships virtue is sufficient, but in a relationship in which two destinies are interlaced a profound affection

FAMOUS WOMEN

is practically indispensable."

As sole heiress to the huge fortune of Jacques Necker, who twice came to the financial rescue of Louis XVI's bankrupt Court, it was not surprising that Germaine had many suitors for her hand in marriage.

But it was her own vibrant personality that drew men to her until she was well into her middle age.

It was not for her looks that men loved her, for she was almost repulsively plain, with a sallow skin, too-prominent teeth, and an ungainly figure. Her one striking feature was the glowing depth of her eyes, which lit her whole face.

She had a ready wit.

Once an elderly aristocrat was seated between Germaine and her greatest woman friend, the fabulous Madame de Recamier, loveliest woman of her generation.

The aristocrat said: "How fortunate I am to be seated between beauty and intellect."

Germaine flashed back: "This is the first time that anyone has told me that I am beautiful!"

Germaine has been described as the first woman in modern history to exercise any influence in politics outside the intimate apartment of a king or powerful individual.

She was and remained through everything a liberal in her politics. Never was she led to left or right. She could see both sides of any question, and was not afraid to alter her judgment if proved wrong.

The world, of course, misunderstood these changes. Because she and Marie Antoinette had been fierce enemies when Marie was supreme as

Brilliant, plain woman, who exercised great influence on the political life of France

Queen of France, no one regarded Germaine as sincere when she published an apology for Marie after her downfall. But Germaine said: "When a famous princess is delivered up to outrages, I measure her fall, and I suffer with every step she falls."

After her marriage Germaine soon established her salon in Paris. As her mother was too ill to continue her own famous Fridays, when she entertained all the wit, beauty, and brains of Paris, Germaine ran Suzanne's salon as well.

If people once admired Germaine their admiration was unstinted, even immoderate. Such a one was Madame de Tesse, who said: "If I were the Queen I should command Madame de Staël to talk to me forever."

Germaine's first child was a daughter, born in the autumn following her marriage, and the child did not live for long. Next came Auguste, born in 1790, of whom it



GERMAINE de STAEL, from a miniature.

was said, "Biographers do not stop to inquire who was his father. It was enough that Madame de Staël was his mother."

Her next child was a son, born in 1792, the result of her great passion for the brilliant, handsome courtier, Louis de Narbonne, supposed to be an illegitimate son of Louis XV.

As always when Germaine loved, she fought ferociously to further the interests of the object of her passion.

Germaine was determined her love should be Minister for War, and he was.

She gloried in the gossip about her and Narbonne, toured the Army camps with him, and returned with him to Paris, in a blaze of publicity.

Germaine's real courage and greatness showed itself in the days of the Terror, in 1792, when she would not leave Paris until she knew all her friends were safe. She got Narbonne to England, and then decided to leave Paris herself, but was seized and had a nightmare three-hour journey across Paris.

She was taken to the Hotel de Ville, where Princess de Lamballe was murdered the next day.

Although she was pregnant, she was struck by a pike and would certainly have been killed had she so much as stumbled.

She waited for six hours without food or water while her fate was decided by the Commune, which at last, for no apparent reason, let her go.

Germaine followed Narbonne to England, where her house near Dorking became the refuge of a group of Frenchmen headed by Talleyrand, one of her earlier lovers.

This unconventional household was not acceptable to the English county. Germaine was hurt and surprised that she was not received in the great houses.

By 1794 Narbonne tired of Germaine and left her, and in the following year, for the first time in her life, she met someone who gave her a feeling of stability, of being organised. This was Benjamin Constant, who dominated her life for the next ten years, and of whom she wrote:

"He is the one man in the world whom I love best, the man to whom I cling by every fibre that remains to me of life."

When their friendship started Germaine needed nothing more than the delight of intellectual companionship. At this time she was staying with her father at his home, Coppet, in Switzerland, and she insisted that Benjamin should watch the time, always leaving her punctually at midnight.

This went on for weeks; but Benjamin became more and more unable to bear Germaine's constant injunction to look at his watch.

One night, in a fury, he flung it on the floor and jumped on it.

An entry in his diary tells the rest of the incident: "I have no watch. I no longer require one."

She thought so little of the world's opinion that, in 1795, she was quite prepared to give birth to Benjamin's daughter, Albertine, at his house in Paris, where she had taken up residence.

But her friends hoped to protect what shred of reputation she had, and she went to another friend's house, where Baron de Staël came to give his blessing and name to the baby.

Benjamin and Germaine lived in a turmoil of passionate quarrels and reconciliations. They were always threatening to part; but each needed the stimulus of the other.

After Baron de Staël divorced Germaine and she was free to marry her Benjamin, she would not consider it.

She felt that marriage would set too great a strain on their undisciplined, chaotic relationship.

Madame de Staël was banished from Paris in 1795, because of her outspoken criticism of the Government, but she returned in 1797, with her salon more than ever the haunt of every important political and literary figure.

That year she met Napoleon. She was to become his most bitter enemy and he grew to fear her influence.

Once she realised Napoleon intended to throw over the constitution and establish a military dictatorship, Germaine was fearless in her attacks on him.

Napoleon said of her: "This woman teaches people to think who would not do so of themselves or who have forgotten how."

Continued on page 26

IS RADIO GOOD ENTERTAINMENT?

WHAT is wrong with our radio entertainment? Or, put another way, what is right with it?

Of course, you have your favorite sessions on the A or B class networks — but do they really satisfy you? Do they have the same qualities of sickness, of unexpectedness, and of diverse interest as, say, a good vaudeville show or a good movie programme?

Roger Ingram, student of radio for many years, says that they don't. He does not blame the Australian radio writers or actors.

"They are the pieces in the game," he says. "But as yet there is no single person in this country who is really capable of moving these pieces as they should be moved to provide your finest entertainment. Australian radio has a number of superb automations. It lacks only brains."

Ingram has written a closely reasoned analysis of Australian radio, tracing its haphazard growth from its lusty, misdirected infancy to its present-day doldrums.

His article, in the October issue of A.M., is something which every radio listener will want to read.

Price of A.M., the magazine for men and women, is 1/-.

By GUS

IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY





CAULFIELD CUP WEEK PARTY. Mrs. Eward Baillieu (left) and Mrs. Simon Fraser were two of the smartest guests at pink champagne "do" given at Nathan Lang's Cellars by Mr. and Mrs. Bowen Pain.



SYMPHONY IN BEIGE. Mrs. Chester Guest (left), Mrs. E. Edwards, and Mrs. Geoff Grimwade all wore beige. They were snapped in the Saddling Paddock at Caulfield, Melbourne, before Caulfield Cup. All are on committee of Navy Week Ball, held on Derby Eve.



CUTTING THE CAKE. Frank Dunworth and his bride, formerly Yvonne Nelson, cut wedding cake at reception at Australia Hotel following ceremony at St. Mary's Cathedral. Yvonne is younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Nelson, of Killara, and Frank is elder son of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Dunworth, of Coogee.



ENGAGED. Phyllis Young and James Bruce McFadyen celebrate announcement of engagement at dinner at Romano's. Phyllis is youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. W. Young, of North Balwyn, Victoria, and Bruce is only son of Mr. and Mrs. C. D. McFadyen, of Bellevue Hill.

Intimate Gossipings

CAULFIELD CUP will be remembered by women racegoers as an umbrella race, for the course was a sea of umbrellas, from enormous Sarg Gamps to tiny twelve-inchers which zippered into silk cases, my Melbourne newshound tells me.

In the Vice-Regal box with Lady Herring, Mrs. Norman Robinson, wife of the chairman of the V.A.T.C., and Mrs. Ken McLean, wife of the vice-chairman, was lovely actress Diana Wynyard. Luncheon parties included one given by Mrs. R. C. Power, who entertained Lady Knox and Miss Jean Turnbull, sister of the chairman of the V.R.C.



FIRST VISIT TO AUSTRALIA for Sir Patrick and Lady Hamilton, who, during their two months in this country, will first stay in Sydney, and later tour all States. Lady Hamilton, who took her degree at Cambridge, is an economist and statistician.



ATTRACTIVE LASSES Mavis Taylor (left), Mrs. W. McLucas, June Griffin, and Audrey Davenport will help at garden inspection to be held at Admiralty House on October 29 in aid of Y.W.C.A.

MELBOURNE en fete this week with visit of Royal Australian and New Zealand naval ships, and race visitors coming from everywhere in time to join in pre-Derby gaieties.

Social doings also centre on arrival in Oracles of Victoria's new Governor, Sir Dallas Brooks, and Lady Brooks, who bring their daughter Jean with them. Also in party is Jean's friend, Patricia Edge, and Hilda Everard, private secretary to Lady Brooks.

ROMANCE in the Reid-Hill family when Jim Reid-Hill's daughter Jacquie arrives back from England in the Moreton Bay in time to attend father's wedding with Marjorie Caldwell, of Coogee, and promptly gets herself engaged to ship's officer Michael Downes. Couple really announced engagement in England at Michael's home in Surrey. He preceded her to Australia, where he now has shore job.

Jim Reid-Hill and Marjorie Caldwell choose St. Mark's, Darling Point, for quiet wedding ceremony. Canon Barden will officiate at ceremony, which will take place on November 5. Guests will drink couple's health in Blue Room at Ushers after wedding.

DR. BILL HOLLEY, of West Wallisend, made a one-day visit to Sydney to be present at the christening of his fifth child, John Callinan, at St. Mary's Cathedral, where Dr. and Mrs. Holley were married and all five children have been christened. He was accompanied by Mr. John Fagan, of Newcastle, who was godfather. Mrs. Holley was formerly Erla Corrigan, well-known Sydney journalist and University tennis player.

BEFORE returning to her home at Tamworth, Mrs. John Fairlie-Cunningham fits in luncheon between shopping with her sister, Jane Woodhill, of Potts Point. Sisters make attractive pair at Romano's.

QUIET wedding celebrated at St. Michael's, Vaucluse, when Joan Barfoot, second daughter of Mr. W. H. Barfoot, of Newcastle, and the late Mrs. Barfoot, marries Tom Martin, of Vaucluse. Couple set off for honeymoon to Melbourne, where they will make Menzies their headquarters over Cup Week. They will make future home at Vaucluse.

SIXTIETH wedding anniversary celebrated by Mr. Henry Willis and Mrs. Willis. Couple were married in 1889, at St. Peter's, Campbelltown. Family gathering, present for celebration, which was held at the Willis' home, The Castle, Middle Harbor. Mr. Willis was a member of the first Federal Parliament, and later Speaker of the New South Wales Legislative Assembly.

THE fishing village of Cassis, on south Coast of France, is delightful spot where Brisbane art students Margaret Olley and Margaret Clifton share a house and continue their work. From there it is easy to get up to Paris, where fellow student Mitty Russo, formerly Mitty Lee Brown, of Sydney, who has house in centre of Paris, frequently entertains the girls. Recently they enjoyed exhibitions of work of Picasso and Gauguin. Margaret Olley was model for Bill Dobell's 1948 Archibald Prize-winning painting.



HOME IN EDGECLIFF for Countess of Kenmare and her daughter, the Hon. Patricia Cavendish, who spend two months in Sydney before visiting New Zealand. Lady Kenmare and Patricia arrive in Sydney in Oracles, and Lady Kenmare will visit her son, Lord Waterpark, in Killybegs, before returning to her permanent home in the South of France.



CELEBRATION Rosemary Bedkober and her fiancé, Alan Buttenshaw, dance at Prince's when they celebrate announcement of their engagement. Rosemary is younger daughter of Mr. L. J. Bedkober, of Gerapna, Forbes, and late Mrs. Bedkober. Alan is second son of Mrs. Buttenshaw, of Lake Cowal, West Wyalong, and of late Mr. W. A. Buttenshaw.

What is our Australian Situation?

Recent years have shown . . .

1. The Australian Labor Party's adherence to **SOCIALISM**.
2. The unchecked growth of **COMMUNISM** as a force in Australia.
3. The greatest communist-created strike in our history, in which 20,000 coal miners threw 500,000 other Trade Unionists out of work for two months.
4. The greatest rise in the cost of living that Australia has ever experienced.
5. Home building almost impossibly expensive for the average man.
6. Great and growing anxiety as to the future in the minds of countless Australians.

How and why has all this come about?

BECAUSE SOCIALIST LABOR IS IN OFFICE

**VOTE FOR THE LIBERAL PARTY OF AUSTRALIA—
AND A RETURN OF CONFIDENCE, STABILITY AND
PROGRESS FOR EVERY SECTION OF THE
AUSTRALIAN PEOPLE**

PLS 5A-19

Authorized by D. M. Cleland, 30 Ash St., Sydney.

Beautiful Schemer

Continued from page 4

PERHAPS we expect too much of the nations and too little of the people. I mention this point to the young man at the bar as he pauses in his narrative to order yet another portion of Scotch whisky.

"That may be true," the young man says, "but it is an observation that wouldn't have been of much value to the people I'm telling you about."

"Undoubtedly," I say. "It must have been a stirring interview when the lovers met the chief delegates. How did they decide the issue?"

"They never had a chance," the young man remarks in a morose manner. "Neither one of them was there when Jimmy and Inge arrived. It was a big cocktail party and people were dancing on the terrace. Inge went to the powder room. Jimmy sauntered out on the terrace, keeping an eye peeled for the chief delegates. He was a determined young man at the time."

The music was sweet in the springtime air; the young couples in their colorful clothes made a merry pattern on the flat stones of the terrace as they danced. As Jimmy stood watching, a young woman detached herself from an animated group and approached him.

"Jimmy!" she said, "I've been dying to see you ever since I heard."

"Hello, Carol," Jimmy said. "What did you hear?"

"Come, now," she said. "You know there are no secrets at Lake Success. It's like a girls' boarding school. Where is she?"

"Inge? She'll be along in a minute."

"You must introduce me, Jimmy. And while we're waiting, you don't think it would be improper if you asked me to dance, do you?"

The young man agreed to the propriety of the move, albeit with some reluctance. This reluctance had no reference to the physical appearance of Miss Carol Prentiss. She was an attractive young woman with short curly hair.

As they danced, she said, "You never really leave the office, do you, Jimmy? You are so terribly One World."

Absorbed in other thoughts, the young man said, "Office?"

"Those papers in your pocket. It makes a girl feel that she is just an interlude between releases."

The young man clutched at his pocket and groaned. "Good grief! Thanks for reminding me, Carol. I've got to get these papers back to the office. This is pre-release stuff and it might be grim if it got into the wrong hands."

"The Bereslavian crisis?"

"Something about that. It's not a crisis, really, but—"

She smiled. "Of course not. Mustn't call anything a crisis that concerns your wonderful United Nations."

He said, "I know we don't see eye to eye on U.N., Carol, but— Ah! There she is now."

Across the terrace he had observed his loved one, Inge. He led Carol Prentiss from the dancing arena to where the blonde girl stood. He performed the introductions, and stood waiting uneasily while Carol studied Inge.

Inge said, "Miss Prentiss. I am very happy."

Carol took her hand and said, "I've heard so much about you, dear, that I feel I know you very well. You'll call me Carol, won't you?"

Inge shrugged. "As you like."

"After all, we're practically related by marriage. Same fiancé, but you got him last."

"Now, Carol—" Jimmy said nervously.

Inge said, "Jimmy has told me that you and he had been engaged before the war. I am sorry."

"I don't mind," Carol said. "I got over Jimmy long ago."

"Did you, Miss Prentiss?"

"Certainly, dear. Jimmy, she's

every bit as lovely as you said." She stopped a servant passing with a tray of champagne glasses, and handed one to Inge and one to Jimmy. She raised her own glass and said, "I'd like to propose a toast, if I may. To the long and happy married life of Jimmy and Inge."

"That's very sporting of you, Carol," Jimmy said.

"Miss Prentiss," Inge said.

"Yes, dear?"

Inge regarded her carefully. "Jimmy and I are not engaged."

"Really?"

"It's just a technicality," Jimmy said in haste. "It will all be cleared up in a few minutes."

"I should hope so," Carol said. "I have high hopes for you two."

"Have you, Miss Prentiss?"

"It's no end encouraging to an old spinster to know that real romance still is possible," Carol said. "The handsome American flier is shot down, meets beautiful Bereslavian guerrilla who nurses him back to health, reunion at the United Nations. We old maids cling happily to the belief that it can still happen."

Jimmy said uncomfortably, "You make it sound like a Hollywood plot."

"Or a Bereslavian plot," Carol said easily. "Where are you staying, dear?"

"A Bereslavian plot, Miss Prentiss?"

"Now, Carol—"

"Just gossip, Jimmy. You know how suspicious some people are."

Inge said, "You aren't really simple, are you, Miss Prentiss?"

Carol appeared puzzled. "Simple? Oh, you mean do I believe that gossip? Of course not."

"No," Inge said, "you are not simple. But it would be so nice if it were true, that I am perhaps spying on Jimmy. Then you might have him back again as your fiancé. Is that not so?"

Jimmy produced

a handkerchief from his pocket and dabbed at his brow. "Now, darling, Carol didn't mean—"

"Never mind, Jimmy," Carol said.

"It's only natural for a foreigner to be on her guard." She turned to Inge.

"We don't mean you any harm, dear. Truly we don't."

Inge shook her head unhappily and looked at the floor. When she looked up again, she said, "You see, fiebia. It is hopeless."

"Now, wait," Jimmy said. "You can't back out now!"

Carol said, "I didn't really blunder into the very moment of the announcement, did I? I'm terribly sorry."

Inge said, "It's just as well, Miss Prentiss. I am sorry if I was rude. But there will certainly be no announcement."

"Inge!"

"Oh, come now," Carol said. "I can't believe that you don't want to marry Jimmy. I always understood that Europeans would do anything to get an American husband."

Jimmy said, "Carol, for heaven's sake! Inge!"

She regarded him with an ominous solemnity. "It is useless, Jimmy. You must see that I am right. There can be no marriage for us. It is perhaps best that we do not see each other again."

With that, the blonde girl turned and walked quickly from the room. Young Jimmy followed, to plead and reason with her, but it was to no avail. At long last, sick at heart, he left the young lady at her place of residence and returned to his office in the United Nations headquarters.

It was then that he discovered that the documents which he had carelessly thrust into his pocket were missing. A search was unavailing. The papers were gone.

Please turn to page 22



AMERICAN COUPLE Victor and Evelyn Mortensen meet a kangaroo at Sydney's Taronga Park Zoo.

First holiday in 14 years . . .

U.S. radio "Queen" and husband on prize tour

By GEORGINA O'SULLIVAN, staff reporter

Evelyn and Victor Mortensen, at present touring Australia as "Queen and Prince Consort for a Day," are two good-looking, intelligent young Americans whose financial position during their 16 years of married life has allowed them "room only for dreams."

Married when Evelyn was 18 and Victor a year older, they couldn't afford a honeymoon, and the subsequent arrival of three sons at regular intervals prevented them from having a vacation.

BUT they were pretty happy. Evelyn kept her good health, her neat figure and clear complexion. Victor kept right on being a wage-earner and a thoughtful husband, who looked very like Hollywood actor Randolph Scott.

They lived with their children in a house in the San Fernando Valley, a residential district in California, 35 miles from Hollywood. They gave frequent thought to taking a vacation some time when they could afford it, and their dreams included a fairy godfather, in the role of a rich manufacturer, who would help them market the doll's house furniture they designed and made in their spare time.

They never gave a thought to Australia until Evelyn switched off her vacuum-cleaner one morning to listen to the U.S. nationwide radio session which periodically selects a "Queen for a Day" from women and girls who write a letter to the producers of the session, setting out their qualifications for the title.

"At that time the prize was a trip to Australia and a small wardrobe," Evelyn told me.

"I wrote that I was 34 and the mother of three boys, but still got my share of whistles in the street. I also said that my husband still had all his hair, was well over six feet tall, and a mighty good double for Randolph Scott."

Evelyn's letter put her among the 1500 chosen from the many thousands of applicants, and she was selected "Queen" from this number by the audience at a function at Earl Carroll's Hollywood Restaurant.

By this time the value of the "small wardrobe" had grown to £2225.

Evelyn's "day" in Australia is a long and busy one. Without the aid of husband Victor, who is right there beside her all the time, it is doubtful if she could have coped with the overloaded itinerary.

When she returns to America she will give several talks over the air about Australia.

It is a good thing for Government officials who arranged much of her itinerary—and yearn for the publicity in the U.S. which they hope will bring travellers and dollars here—that Evelyn is a poised woman

with a keen mind.

Only a keen mind could battle through innumerable official functions and hand-shaking to pick up enough information about Australia for American radio listeners.

Evelyn and Victor lived opposite each other in Hartford, Connecticut, during their early childhood.

Evelyn's family moved to Florida when she was five, but returned to Hartford when she was 16.

A few weeks after her return Evelyn sang at a funeral at the local church, and then accompanied Vic's mother home for a cup of coffee.

"Vic was there, but didn't remember me at first," she said.

"Then we saw each other at church, went ice-skating together, and seemed to spend quite a lot of time together."

Evelyn began training as a nurse, Victor took a job as an ambulance driver at the same hospital, and they were married two years later.

They ran a nursing service for a while, then Vic joined the police force, but had to turn in his badge when the health of their eldest boy, Robert, now aged 14, necessitated a move to the Californian climate.

Both play violin

VICTOR and Evelyn both play the violin, and Evelyn sings in church and over the dishpan.

"People tell me I have a nice voice, and I guess I can carry a tune," she told me.

Daughter of a Norwegian mother and Irish father, brown-eyed Evelyn has a heart-shaped face with the sort of bone-structure that lasts. She attributes her youthful appearance to Victor.

"He's a swell guy and has always looked after me, even if we haven't had much money," she said.

"He's good-natured and thoughtful, and often said to me, 'Gee, honey, I wish I could get you some nice clothes and take you away for a vacation.'"

"Now I've had a grand wardrobe thrust upon me, and we're travelling round Australia in royal style."



QUEEN FOR A DAY. Evelyn wears lovely strapless evening gown from wonderful gift wardrobe.



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Beautiful Schemer

Continued from page 20

MY young friend at the United Nations bar consumes the drink before him and says, "The fairy princess, you see, turns out to be an evil witch. It is a switch, but not a happy one."

I sigh with him. "You are convinced, then, that Inge had as her purpose the theft of these papers? And, having stolen them, was content to leave Jimmy?"

He nods gravely. "What else?" he says. "I don't mind telling you now that these papers contained an important American pronouncement on the Bereslavian situation. Only Bereslavian itself could make any use of the documents by getting hold of them before the scheduled release."

I am silent for a moment, but my mind remains active. Then I say, "I am, as you may observe, a man grown grey in diplomatic service. Were I to speak to the young man of the story, this Jimmy, I would say to him that this is a time for bold action."

"The young man of the story, this Jimmy, would tell you that, as of this moment, all is lost. Period."

He is a likeable young man, but not yet a diplomat. A period is not an accepted mark of punctuation in diplomacy.

I can afford little time. I lean close to him and glance in a furtive fashion from left to right. I whisper in his ear.

"Not a word. Come with me . . . Jimmy."

He is startled. He begins to say, "I am not the—"

I put my finger to my lips in a peremptory gesture for silence. I rise and leave the Delegates Lounge. He follows.

As we proceed through the grey corridor, my observation is once more rewarded. The young man walks with a barely perceptible limp.

In silence we advance from the grey corridor to the green corridor. From this we turn into the pink corridor, a color which as a wall decoration has always offended my own sense of propriety. It is in this corridor, nonetheless, that I call a halt.

Jimmy and I find ourselves before a door with a frosted glass. On the glass are lettered the designations of various members of a United Nations delegation. The young Jimmy regards me with wonder and some suspicion.

"How do you know this—?" "Silence," I say sternly. "We have reached the borders of Bereslavian."

"Now, wait a minute," he says. "I never mentioned the real name of this country."

It is not a time for hesitation. I place my hand upon the knob of the door before us. "Forward," I declare. "We attack!"

With this, I thrust the door inward and together we march into the office. It is an anteroom in which is seated a young woman of pleasant aspect. She rises at our entrance and stands in some bewilderment. I move swiftly.

"Silence!" I say. I raise a stern forefinger. At that moment, I fancy, I present an imposing aspect.

"Not a word!" I declare to the young lady. "It is our intention to penetrate to the inner sanctum of your delegation. It is useless to attempt to stop us."

The young lady appears too amazed to utter a word. I take advantage of the moment. Seizing the young man's hand, I conduct him to yet another door and we enter the inner office. It is the office of the chief delegate of Bereslavian. He is not apparently present.

"To work!" I cry. The young man Jimmy stands in confusion. He points to the outer office, then back to the desk that faces us where we stand. He opens his mouth, but no words come forth.

"This document of yours," I say. "It was surely in a sealed envelope?"

The young man finds his tongue.

"Yes," he says, "but—" I approach the desk. I study the papers upon it, selecting some, hurling others to the floor.

"Hey," Jimmy says. "You can't—"

"Here it is!" I shout.

I turn to him. In my hand is a large envelope, inscribed by hand to the chief delegate of Bereslavian. Within it is a smaller envelope. It is the smaller envelope which I extract and flourish in the air.

The effect upon the young man is electric. He appears to leap as he stands. He shouts, "The papers! Here, let me see that!"

He grasps the envelope from my hand. He examines it in feverish haste. "The seals aren't broken," he says. "This is it! They haven't opened it yet!"

My gesture then might have been the envy of many a Thespian in my own country. I lean wearily upon the desk, throw wide my right arm. "Thank goodness we are in time," I say.

The glance which the young man then bestows upon me is suddenly not without suspicion. "Wait a minute, now," he says. "Let me see the envelope this came in."

"That would surely be enlightening," I say. "Does it not strike you that if this document were taken by a member of the Bereslavian delegation it would not arrive in the U.S. mail?"

He examines the envelope. It was truly sent in the mail.

"That's not all that strikes me," he says. "How does it happen that—"

I AM spared his question by the entrance of the young lady from the outer office. Her lovely face is suffused with pink, her eyes flash with indignation.

"I should like to know," she says sternly, "what is happening here. What is Jimmy doing here? And why does my distinguished chief delegate force his way into his own office in such a melodramatic way?"

"Aha!" Jimmy shouts. There is no misunderstanding his meaning.

I draw myself up with considerable dignity. Since such dignity is an indispensable quality of the diplomat, a profession I have practised for many years, my appearance easily has its desired effect. The young people fall silent.

"It is the privilege of the chief delegate to enter his office in any manner which seems appropriate to him, my dear Inge," I declare with hauteur. "I now have one further question to address to this young American. Sir, does the handwriting on the envelope convey any intelligence to you?"

"Certainly," he says. "It's Carol's, the little dope. Can you imagine her trying a thing like that? I ought to—"

A gesture cuts off his flow of conversation. "Enough," I say. "One final word, my dear Inge." I am a monument of stone. I stand before her as a judge.

"Yes, sir," she says in a small voice.

"It has come to my attention that your actions with regard to an American national are far from consonant with the ideals of this organization. I am certain that my American vis-a-vis will agree with me that nothing less than marriage will rectify the situation. You will kindly take action in this matter at the earliest opportunity."

I stride from the room with a brisk nod to young Jimmy Gorham. I do not allow myself to leave entirely, however, until I ascertain that Inge has, in fact, seized the earliest opportunity and is enfolded in the arms of young Jimmy.

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FORD PILLS



Jack Sprat spread when he sat, He puffed and he huffed all the way; But he's found a new life Since his wise little wife Gives him Ford Pills every day.

FORD PILLS



There was an old man of Tobaygo Could eat only rice, gruel and sago, Till, much to his bliss, His doctor said this: "Take Ford Pills and all foods you may go."

FORD PILLS



Hey diddle diddle, Fit as a fiddle, I feel I could jump o'er the moon; Aches and pains banished, My tiredness vanished, Ford Pills have proved such a boon.

FORD PILLS



See Saw, Margery Daw, Pimples are not a disaster; Take Ford Pills for a day or so; They'll clean up your skin much faster.

Ford Pills are the gentle, tasteless, painless laxative for all your family. In plastic tubes, 2/6 everywhere.

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WORTH Reporting

TOP-RANKING overseas career women are as glamorous as film stars, according to well-known woman barrister Joan Rosanove, who recently returned to Melbourne after attending a world conference of Business and Professional Women in Helsinki.

She cited youthful, blue-eyed, fair-haired, petite Swedish judge Ingrid Weidmar; gorgeous, superbly clothes-conscious New York lawyer Sally Butler; and attractive, beautifully groomed Stella Phillips-Marder, managing director of one of Nottingham's largest lace factories, as striking examples of beauty and brains at the conference, which was attended by about 200 women.

Mrs. Rosanove was most impressed by the general acceptance of careers and home-running abroad, particularly in Scandinavia.

"Northern countries don't have a marriage wage," she explained. University grounds are packed with prams parked by mothers attending lectures.

Big moment during Mrs. Rosanove's stay in Finland was attending a party at the home of famous composer Sibelius. He lives in a stately white house surrounded by pines and fir trees and lily of the valley, which grows so profusely that it has to be pushed aside to walk up the path leading to his front door.

American nuns will run Sydney hospital

A STREAMLINED American hospital which will shortly be opened in Sydney will be staffed chiefly by American nurses who are sisters of the Order of St. Joseph of California.

The hospital, which will include a private, general, and obstetric block, will be at Hopewood House, Darling Point, Sydney, the lovely horseshoe home of the late Lebbeus Hordern. Since Hopewood House passed out of the hands of the Hordern family it has occupied a prominent place in the community, first as a finishing school, then as a private hospital.

The nuns are already working on the plans for rebuilding and re-decorating the new hospital, featuring the latest designs and color schemes which modern medicine regards as so important a part of the psychological treatment of patients.

Their Order, which went to America from France 100 years ago, has been in Australia for only three years. A foundation of nine American nuns was made at Woolwich, near Sydney, where they conduct a business girls' hostel.

More nuns are expected from America to help staff the hospital, and since January, when a novitiate was opened at Woolwich, a number of Australian girls have joined the Order.



"Yes, I've memorised to-day's poem, but I don't find it worth reciting."

Busy mayor's sister buys her dresses

A MIDDLE-AGED woman was among the 230 male delegates at Newcastle's three-day Local Government Conference. She was Miss Gertrude Richardson, who is serving her second term as mayor of the prosperous country town of Taree, N.S.W.

She regards this as a victory over the masculine misgivings she met when she first took office. "Of course," she said thoughtfully, "I've mellowed with the years. As a young person I fairly bristled with aggressiveness when I put forward my own ideas."

"Now, I still say what I think . . . but I say it differently."

Her story is one of triumph over setbacks. Her ambition was to go to the University and make a career. But an accident kept her in and out of hospital for 20 years.

Instead of the career she had planned, she began to take an interest in politics and local government, and became the principal of a real estate firm.

"I could have given in and become a thoroughly unpleasant, neurotic old woman," she said. "Now my work takes up all my life, and I have no time for interests or hobbies."

Since Miss Richardson has been mayor, Taree has got an Olympic swimming pool, a town-planning scheme, and will have a baby health centre and a recreation park in the near future.

"I'm not a feminist," she says, "but I think a balanced viewpoint can be achieved only by the presence of both men and women in public life."

"My own private life? I have none," she laughed. "My sister sees that I eat and sleep, and if she sees a dress she thinks will suit me she buys it. I simply haven't time."

TALK of petrol rationing again reminds one of our Melbourne colleagues of an amusing incident which happened when she was visiting Africa last year.

A Rhodesian farmer confided to her that when petrol rationing was introduced there last year, he prepared for a rainy day by hoarding a 45 gallon drum of petrol. So that it would not be confiscated, he told a native boy to bury it.

The faithful servant took him at his word, dug a hole and poured the petrol down the drain.

Spiders don't spoil her new country

FOR the past six months Mrs. Asta Orh has been employed as a porter at Adelaide Railway Station. Our office there asked her what she had known about Australia when she first arrived.

"At school in Estonia we learnt that you have kangaroos, teddy bears, talking parrots, rabbits, and poisonous spiders with red crosses on their backs," she said.

Asked if she had found all these in Australia, she replied: "Almost. In the park where my husband Limbit and I walk after work, we see many beautiful parrots. But kangaroos and teddy bears—no. We saw spiders in the park a few days after we got here."

Despite this, Asta wants to stay, and looks forward to going back to office work, and her husband to engineering.

Life, she says, is much the same as in Estonia before the war. We don't eat as much meat (especially pork), our tea is stronger, and our butter saltier.

Says our galah is glamor bird

GLAMOR bird selected by noted American naturalist Dr. Alfred Bailey as one of the most beautiful in the world is Australia's homely pink-and-grey galah.

After nine weeks exploring the continent, he leaves Australia on November 7, with 20,000 feet of color film and flora and fauna data collected to put Australia on the map at Colorado Museum.

Specimens ranging from kookaburras to kangaroos will be grouped in five 50ft. dioramas with painted backgrounds, and color films will illustrate the exhibition, the first of its kind outside Australia.

Co-operating with Dr. Bailey in Australia has been Mr. Richard Pescott, Director of the Melbourne Museum, where there is an excellent small-scale exhibition on the same lines.

Dr. Pescott accompanied Dr. Bailey on a two weeks' trip through the Riverina and Mallee doing bird photography. With them was American Mr. Hilary Wichers, who came out with Dr. Bailey, and four members of the Australian National Museum staff.

A naturalist with world-wide experience, Dr. Bailey has spent three years in Alaska and Siberia collecting natural history material for various museums in America, and at one stage was the guest of Haile Selassie in Abyssinia.

Ocean-going canoes are Eskimo type

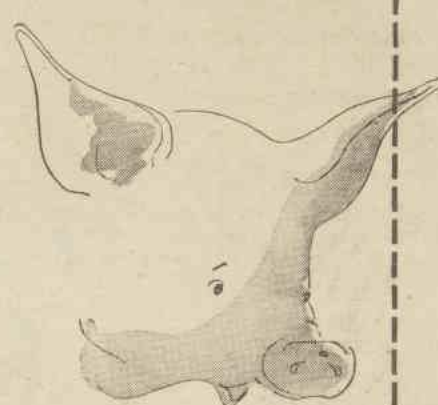
THE sun-tanned he-man who led a line of canoes across Sydney Harbor one Sunday recently was Oscar Specks, who, some years ago, made canoeing history by paddling from Germany to Australia, taking seven years to do so and wearing out five 18ft. canoes on the way.

In honor of this exploit he was asked to lead the new Cruising Canoe Club (formed to relieve congestion of inland rivers caused by the popular River Canoe Club) on the first of its monthly outings.

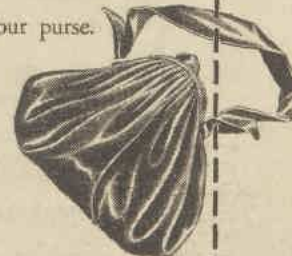
Ted Riley, the new club's commodore, and for 15 years a member of the parent body, explains that the senior organization is for white-water or rapids-shooting canoeists and the Cruising Club for open-water enthusiasts.

The former favor open, curved canoes of the Canadian or Red Indian type, and the latter the straight, closed kayak type of canoe used by the Eskimos for seal-hunting at sea.

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"Oh, stop nagging the poor guy, dear. All he's got left is two shillings he found in my old suit."

It seems to me . . .

SPRING is giving way to summer, and nobody could be more pleased this year than I. The orgy of spring planting is nearly over, and this year the fact is of particular significance to me.

There was a time, when the people I lunched with and took coffee with talked clothes, films, scandal, and shop—all of their subjects on which I can hold forth with ease.

Not now. This is the kind of conversation I sit in on practically every day of the week: "We planted the weigela where you suggested but it looks a bit droopy this morning."

"Blood and bone, my dear . . ." "Azaleas? Oh, no, not time for azaleas . . ."

The worst days are Mondays, when they recount their week-end adventures, and Fridays, when they plan sorties on the seed shops.

Round about Wednesday it is sometimes possible to get in a word on some other subject, but it's hard.

I made a stab the other day by remarking that I'd seen a report of the invention of an electric fish catcher which forces fish to swim into a net. A flicker of interest passed over the face of one of the coffee-drinkers. "I wish they'd think up something like that for snails," she murmured.

EIGHTY-SEVEN-YEAR-OLD Chinese millionaire Sir Robert Ho Tung said recently that to amass riches you must be honest, industrious, persevering, thrifty, self-assured, and reasonably talented.

I'd say the last five of those six qualifications are right. Have my doubts that the other is essential.

THE suggestion of a Ministry for Housekeeping, following the example of Denmark, has been raised by women's organisations in Australia.

Housewives would be wise to be wary of such a move, in spite of its possible benefits.

The home is the last stronghold of individualism. True, the housewife works long hours without an award to protect her. But she signs no time-sheet, and, while she is undoubtedly one of the hardest of workers, she is also very often the boss.

If she wants to stop in the middle of the washing to listen to a radio serial, she may.

A Ministry for Housekeeping, in trying to improve the lot of the housekeeper, might also, with the best intentions, try to enforce efficiency in the home—which I, for one, would resist to the last ditch.

I can just imagine an inspector of the said Ministry coming to visit, giving me a kindly talk and sixteen pamphlets on better ways to make starch and gravy and clean windows. No, never! Leave us one place to be free to choose our own methods.

Taking the subject a little more seriously—practically every other portfolio, from Health to Transport, has some bearing on housekeeping. Social Services can take care, in time, of any necessary matters that affect the welfare of the home.

Cuplet

I'd rather long odds than a cert with the favorite;
I want a new wardrobe, an outsider might pay for it.

By



Dorothy Drain

THE recommendation by an all-Party committee that speeches be shortened in the Federal Parliament makes happy news.

Not that reducing the maximum time from 60 minutes to 45 minutes will very much enliven the ordinary run of speeches in the House, but it might set a fashion which could eventually reach conferences, fetes, and official welcomes.

One doesn't object to the fact that most speakers say everything twice. That seems to be necessary to help a point sink in. It also makes life easier for shorthand writers. But so many say everything three and four times, and some, furthermore, say nothing three and four times.

Now that the summer is upon us, the fete season is in full cry. They're being held every Saturday in the suburbs, and at practically all of them there's an introductory speech, official opening speech, and sometimes two votes of thanks.

At more fetes than I care to recall I've sat (or stood) with pencil poised for what would amount collectively to days, listening to " . . . a great pleasure . . . here to-day . . . worthy cause . . . Mr. So-and-so who needs no introduction . . . (In which case, why all this?)"

Sometimes the murmuring of the bees round the flower stall combined with the platitudes is so soporific that, should a speaker actually say anything, one wakes with a distinct shock.

For the fete patronisers there is one compensation. While they're listening they're not spending. Organisers might remember that, and take a leaf out of Parliament's book.

WHILE it's pleasant to know that a young "New Australian" was chosen by ballot as the "most popular girl" at a Goulburn school, labels or prizes for popularity always seem a pity to me.

In every school there are one or two boys or girls who, by reason of charm and good nature, stand out above the others. They're liked by both teachers and kids. Their companions remember them for many a long year after school is left behind.

But once the official label of popularity is affixed, you give a child a grave responsibility, a name to live up to, and sometimes cause much heart-burning among the runners-up.

Popularity is surely its own reward.

FLUORINE is to be added to the town water supply in Tenterfield, N.S.W., in a long-range experiment to prevent tooth decay. So, with apologies to Rupert Brooke:

From grim decay your teeth they shield
In Tenterfield, in Tenterfield,
And in the happy molars grow,
As white they say at driven snow;
Invasions and bacillids too
Are all displayed in merry view
By lovely lassies, handsome lads,
Whose smiles resemble toothpaste ads,
A denture's hardly even seen
In Tenterfield, since fluorine.
Quick, let me pack, and take a train,
Before my wisdom aches again!
What, no more gold, or them that drills?
And do they have no dentists' bills?



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(See answer below)



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TONI is a wonderful time saver! While your wave is "taking" — sew, cook, do all the things you normally would at home.

Save money now—save every time you need a permanent! The TONI Home Permanent Kit has plastic curlers that can be used again and again. For your next TONI all you need is the TONI REFILL that costs only 10/-.

It's hard to tell who has the TONI and who has the expensive wave! Alva, the Anderson twin at the right, has the TONI!

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TEENA



By
HILDA TERRY
**SITTING
PRETTY**



Madame de Stael

Continued from page 18

IN the midst of all this she managed to finish writing her great work, "De la Littérature considérée dans ses Rapports avec les Institutions Sociales" (Of Literature Considered in Relation to Social Institutions). It is a history of the human mind from Homer to 1789. This work set the seal of her literary fame.

The book does not mention Napoleon, but the whole thing is a veiled attack on his regime.

Napoleon finally expelled her in 1803, and it was ten years before she was able to live again in peace in her beloved Paris. Not that she kept out of Paris altogether.

Napoleon's decree was that she should not come within 120 miles of the French capital, but she installed herself within 40 miles and openly and often dined in Paris.

She went on writing, and published her novel "Corinne," described as the most widely read of all her books and one that established her as a genius.

Germaine turned her exile to good account by making a tour of Germany, where she was received into the greatest literary circles. She became a close associate of Goethe and Schiller, who said of her, "She represents French culture in its purest form."

It was as a result of this tour that she published "De L'Alle-

magne." Napoleon prevented its publication in France, but she managed to get the manuscript to England, where it was published.

But behind the triumphant literary genius was a sad and, some think, broken-hearted woman, for Benjamin Constant had at last broken with her and had married secretly. It was said she never got over this and for a time she made no attempt to hide her despair.

In 1812 Germaine had one of the happiest adventures of her life. She toured across Europe in her great cumbersome carriage to Russia, where she received a royal welcome from the Czar and was employed by him to go to Sweden and persuade the Crown Prince Bernadotte to be his ally.

This was her great chance to fight Napoleon, and she carried it off brilliantly. She was ecstatic when she opened her salon in Stockholm and was surrounded by English, German, and Russian diplomats.

How well founded had been Napoleon's fear and distrust of her! But how like her not to rejoice when, partly as a result of her efforts, he was defeated and the Bourbons returned to the throne of France.

One of her greatest political strokes was to persuade Alexander

IF you want to read more about Germaine de Stael, Margaret Goldsmith and Lady Blennerhassett have written two excellent biographies, and David Glass Larg has made an analytical study of her in his "Madame de Stael, Her Life as Revealed in Her Work."

of Russia to remain in France until the Bourbons had given that poor, torn country a constitutional charter.

And what of her broken heart since Benjamin's marriage?

Unexpected as ever, the strange woman who had so firmly refused to marry the man she really loved married in secret in 1811, when she was 45 years old, a man 20 years her junior, Albert de Rocca.

It was only after she died in 1816, at the age of 50, that the marriage was revealed by her will.

Some wit remarked of the child of this marriage that he was "one of her posthumous works."

Germaine has left an immense amount of literature—in her books and her letters—to prove her unshakable belief in the possibility of the human race achieving greater and greater liberty.

What she felt about the individual human being is best told in her own words, spoken to her daughter:

"The mystery of human life is the relationship which exists between our faults and our suffering. I have never committed a sin which has not brought me much pain."

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'MUFFIN'S' MISTRESS



MARGARET ANN MIRFIN, of Coorparoo, Queensland, is the owner of a wire-haired terrier known as "Muffin". Both love the sea and, although "Muffin" can swim, Margaret has not yet mastered the aquatic art. Margaret's mother says, "Vegetate has had a lot to do with Margaret's good health. The Infant Welfare Centre recommended Vegetate when Margaret was six months old. She loved it from the first and still has it every day." Vegetate is richer in riboflavin, richer in niacin, it's tastier and easier to eat. Ask for Vegetate.

KYB

Little Miss Philistine

SPEAKING quietly, I asked, "And who is he?"

"A kind little man wearing brown. And he had the key, too. There!" She brightened up. "This isn't your house. You're just trying to bluff me."

I shook my head sadly. "Young woman," I said, "I won't bore you with all the proof. We'll just call the neighbors in from either side. Duplicate keys are easy to make. Otherwise your little men wearing brown wouldn't make any dishonest cash. Face it. You've been taken in nicely and neatly—and that's all it is."

She let her head drop and she looked young and helpless.

"Where've you come from?" I asked.

"Not far," she said. "But too far to go back!"

"Look, I'm sorry about you being taken down, but it's one of the first lessons of a city. Haven't you relatives down here? Or a hotel room somewhere?"

She shrugged her shoulders. "I don't want to stay with relatives. They know nothing about art. They'd only gawk."

I cocked an eye at the canvas. "Maybe they would, at that," I said.

"And I hate hotels. Besides—"

"Besides what?"

She bit her lip. "Nothing."

But I knew she meant money. The rent she'd paid on this place hadn't been dirt. "All right," I said. "But I'm getting ready for an antique shop here, not a rest home for wandering artists."

I strolled past her and into the small kitchen. Last memory, it had smelt of stale milk and cigarettes. Now it was neat and tidy and smelt fresh and pleasant.

When I returned, she was putting brushes back in the japanned box.

"Look," I said, in the kindest voice I could find. "There's really no need for you to go. I've been a little hasty."

That was my first error, and it made her hand freeze on a brush. The second blundered after it. "There's plenty of room for two of us. I can sleep in the second bedroom. And, naturally, if you want any help with—er—with finances, I'll only be too—"

That was as far as I got. She spun to her feet with one motion. Grey eyes, red hair, and a wide mouth got all mixed up with a fine display of anger.

Then she let me have the words. Some of them had a quaint, contrived air about them. Then, when she got beyond them, she swung into a rising note of satire.

By the time I had begun to explain it was all a mistake and that I hadn't been dealing in prefabricated love-nests, she had flounced off to the bedroom, and I was gazing rather stupidly at the poached egg on the canvas. It seemed rather symbolic of my feelings. All I could do was apologise.

When I got to the door, she was on her knees, her skirt hitched above them, throwing feminine items into a suitcase. She glared at me and called, "You—you keep out of my bedroom, you—you—!"

I started to say, "Look, Miss Blair, I'm terribly sorry. It's all been a mistake. I was just trying to help," when I saw the bed standing in the middle of the floor.

It was no ordinary bed. It was something I had seen only in illustrated stories of American antique collections.

"It's not true!" I said in awe. "It can't be! That's—that's the sort of thing I've spent years searching for!"

Trudy was staring at me with an odd smile. "You're looking at a bed," she said with heavy irony. "It's uncomfortable, it's ugly, and it squeaks. I should know. I've slept in it."

Continued from page 5

I winced. "You don't sleep in these beds!"

"I know that, too," she said. "It needs a good inner-spring mattress and a course in tightening up."

There wasn't much to be said in reply to such heresy. I just shrugged my shoulders and moved lovingly towards the bed. Somehow, by some miracle, the perfect collector's piece had landed itself here—just when I wanted something like it to establish my shop.

"It's Early Pilgrim," I said, almost ecstatically.

I had forgotten Trudy Blair, but she said, "What Pilgrims?"

"The first Americans! How did it get out here? Why, you can't even get these in America! It's late sixteenth or early seventeenth century!"

"It still squeaks," said Trudy Blair. "Don't tell me Americans sleep on those?"

"Only a Philistine would use this for a bed," I snapped. "Must you keep on acting like one?"

The only answer was a violent thump as she threw one of her packed cases to the floor. I didn't care. Right in front of me was something to justify all the money I was putting into the shop. Collectors would come from everywhere to gaze in jealousy.

Then Trudy spoke. "It was in quite a sweet voice. 'Seeing that you've been away for so long,' she said, 'aren't you a little curious as to how it got here?'"

I laughed. "I think I know. In fact, I'm certain."

"Oh?"

"It'll be George," I said. "George also hunts around for me, nudging into old homes and places. I don't know where he found this—but he did, and that's all that matters."

"Good old George," she said. "I bet he didn't try sleeping on it."

"George," I said icily, "has a sense of the proper. This is one bed he wouldn't sleep in—any more than I would."

Trudy said, "Huh!" in a funny tone of voice. But I wasn't listening closely to anything. The whole world had become a pleasant, fruitful place. "Look," I said, "I'm going to hunt up old George and buy him the best meal in town. And you can come with us!"

There was a second thump from a tossed suitcase. "You're too kind," she said. "I don't know what I'd do without you. Me, just a poor little Philistine!"

I smiled and made a friendly gesture. "It's just that you don't understand these things," I said. "You wouldn't be expected to—"

"Oh, go away!" she cried. "Go, go, go away!" She looked very businesslike, her legs astride, a hand on either hip, and her head thrust forward. The red hair was around her face again and the grey eyes were blazing—so I went.

But, from the door, I called, "Please don't go back home. I can easily find a room in town."

There was a whole series of loud thumps, and, though I couldn't see, I guessed she was throwing the suitcases around the room.

When I rang George from the corner phone, his landlady said he wasn't at home but thought he was attending one of the sales that afternoon. I raced around to three of them in a taxi and dropped into a couple of hostilities we frequented together. George was in none of these places, I was getting hungry—and there was Trudy.

At the odd moments I wasn't thinking of the Pilgrim Bed, I was thinking of Trudy. At one time I laughed the thing off as a joke. The next I was feeling sorry for her.

Please turn to page 39

The most effective way to use Ingram is to shake half a teaspoonful into a glass. See full directions on the Ingram container.



Teach them
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CUP HORSES... What's your fancy?



DELTA, a three-year-old Sydney colt with a good Cup chance. He ran second in A.J.C. Derby this year.



PLAYBOY, rated as one of the best three-year-olds entered for the Cup, was A.J.C. Derby winner.



RED FURY, winner of last year's Caulfield Cup, has still to reach top form before Melbourne classic.



HURRY UP, winner of last year's Melbourne Cup, has still to reach top form before Melbourne classic.



DICKENS, three-year-old Sydney stayer that ran third in A.J.C. Derby, looks alert for attendant Ted Knight, who strokes his silky, sensitive nose.



SAXONY, a Melbourne mare, is well rugged while exercising at Menlone. She ran third in last year's Melbourne Cup.



SANCTUS, Melbourne gelding which won Brisbane Cup this year, added a Randwick distance victory on the way home.

Some back form, some go by dreams in picking a winner

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

Melbourne Cup fever is working up to epidemic strength as punters through the length and breadth of the land are trying to pick the winner of the 1949 race.

From the big punters to the S.P. bettors in the five bob class, there's a universal belief that this time the chosen horse will romp home at 100 to 1, and the cash will roll in — they hope.

SYSTEMS, some think, will do the trick. Systems, so called, are of course entirely without method in most cases, ranging from pin-pricking to backing a horse with appealing eyes.

Girls are going to sleep with lists of acceptances under their pillows instead of wedding cake.

Young matrons plunge on colors that are prominent in their spring wardrobes.

Hard-bitten business men sit in their offices letting the names of horses run through their minds, and tell their secretaries they must not be disturbed.

If one name sticks more than another they back that horse.

Some collect, most don't, but even if they've lost their shirts they stick of their "systems."

One of Sydney's biggest punters, Mrs. E. M. Harris, of Point Piper, Sydney, and mother of jockey "Togo" Johnstone, says that betting takes skill and courage.

"I like to back a good horse near top weight," she said, "and often

back favorites. After all, horses with top weights have three opinions behind them—the owner's opinion, the handicapper's opinion, and the bookie's opinion.

"If you bet on every race, bet ten shillings on the first, a pound on the second, and keep on going up. Don't start with a pound and then get scared and lessen the amount. If you double up your bets you should come out with one winner by the end of the day.

"No, I don't believe in backing horses with long odds, or any peculiar systems.

"As for me," said Mrs. Harris jauntily, "I'm so game that if I've just won £1000 I can walk up and put it all on the next race.

"I get presentiments, too. A solicitor once said to me, 'Mrs. Harris, you even know what the horses are thinking.'

"Often, at home even, when I've had a quiet night and day alone, a terrible urge comes over me.

"Maybe for twelve hours a horse won't be out of my mind. But when I do go to the races and walk out

of the members' stand and decide to bet, I won't do a thing unless I can feel that urge.

"Races are my relaxation," she said seriously. "For me it's either the races or Rookwood!"

Seldom betting on the tote, Mrs. Harris has phenomenal luck with the books. She says that she forgets everything else while she is punting.

Her final word of advice: "You've got to be game in racing!"

Mr. Tom Powell, who executes commissions for country clients in all States, knows which is the infallible system—he says you can't go wrong if you back every horse in the race.

But it's not very profitable.

Doubles fashion

HE points out, too, that there is a ruling fashion for doubles with the same initials.

"Since last year's Red Fury-Rimfire double, people have been doubling up horses like Comic Court-Carbon Copy, Count Annone-Count Cyranos," Mr. Powell said.

"Oh, people follow saddlecloths—all sorts of things," he added. "They even write to me, saying: 'My Aunt Clarissa had a dream last January about a horse named Kalamazoo. If there is such a horse, I want to back it, please!'"

Mrs. Olive Barry, of Swanbournie, W.A., depends on dreams.

"I believe in dreams," she said. "The night before the races I read in the newspaper all the names of the starters, over and over.

"Then I take a glass of warm milk to drink, go to bed, and let

my dreams tell me what is going to win. Some times, alas, I have a dreamless sleep.

"One night a horse came in my dream, and told me to win a big race. He put his name—Wally."

"Greatly excited, I hand £5 for a shot. Would you believe, I put the money on Wally horse, a rank outsider, paid phenomenal odds.

"So I made me a new dress, and he gotten my bet in."

Instinct guides Mrs. zic, of Perth, arrives at the races crosses out the scratched, and leaves names left. In both a race comment name of the winner.

"I can't explain it just something about the horse that has it. As I go to the bet I feel confident."

"But when my bet ever it is first winner became a regular started to take and weight.

"Immediately me down."

Number one dream bournie is Malvern Reynolds, and he good form for the

Mr. Reynolds last year his symbol



STAMEN, a former Sydney horse which has had success in Melbourne, is well rugged against cold by strapper Jack Kettle.



Rich won this year's Queensland Cup, and has put from Mrs. S. E. Masters.

COMIC COURT, South Australian horse, which was Carbon Copy's rival last season, looks confident.

VAGABOND, one of the favorites, is rated as Sydney's best stayer and Australia's greatest. An apple is his reward for excellent training performances.



FOXZAMI arrives by air to prepare for Cup. A Sydney horse, Foxzami is known as a front-running stayer.

SIR FALCON, Sydney horse, shown in action, finished second in the A.J.C. Metropolitan.

...came into my
...he was going
...He even told
...am he
...I gave my hus-
...straight-out bet.
...e I, he forgot to
...Of course, the
...ider came in and
...ocks.
...bound buy me
...he has never for-
...met then.
...maire Macken-
...At noon as she
...we buys a book,
...jones that are
...overs among the
...er had she hears
...ate calling the
...er.
...In the says, "It's
...out the name of
...a booming sound.
...to make my
...it will win.
...imitation or what-
...eried very well I
...er racegoer, and
...interest in form
...instinct. let
...man in Mel-
...Mr. George
...king up to
...up carnival.
...that in the
...dreams have

won him twenty-six £5 and £10 prizes in a Tasmanian consultation in addition to numerous other prizes over the past seven years.

These include £12,000 won on Melbourne Cup day, 1946, when he tipped Russia as Cup winner, and sent for a lottery ticket after dreaming of Derby Munro, who was riding Russia. His Lucky Star ticket drew Russia in the sweep.

The 1946 Cup was his fifth consecutive success at selecting Cup winners by dreams. Shaking hands with comedian Jerry Colonna in a dream started off his dream-tipping. He interpreted this dream as Colonna, winner of the 1942 Cup.

Mr. Reynolds says his symbolic dreams come in cycles.

One of Melbourne's most enthusiastic racegoers, Mrs. Iris Clarke, a daughter of prominent Australian sportsman, the late Mr. Eric Connolly, vouches for her system.

She follows a horse that shortens to second favorite, when course betting opens. If it doesn't win, the next time it starts she doubles her original bet, and doubles up again to a third time. She never follows a horse after it has a win for more than three starts.

"Silly systems went out with straw hats," according to Mr. Morris Lyons, well-known Victorian bookmaker. (That's what Mr. Lyons thinks—straw hats are back again, too.)

Mr. Lyons says that people who go racing nowadays take it seriously and are students of form.

They are helped by newspaper and radio racing commentators.

On the day of a big race they get the latest track galleys over the wireless and compare them with guides to form over several weeks.

Backing horses carrying number one in the racebook is favorite system of well-known Melbourne sportsman Mr. Alf Watkins, a committee member of the Melbourne Racing Club.

"I'm usually sure of at least not losing much if I back number ones in every race until I strike a winner."

"I knock off at once, even if I get a win on the first race."

A Brisbane banker puts his money on the last or second-last horse into the brace. He says that if a horse is out to win his trainer and owner will take extra care to see that his girth and other gear are absolutely right, so he isn't first into the cage.

Infallible!

MR. J. C. BENDRODT, Sydney restaurateur and horse owner, told us that he knows of an almost infallible system.

"You must back the shortest-priced horse in each race with an R in its name to win a given amount—say £10. If it wins, quit immediately. If it loses, double up."

"Ninety-nine times out of a hun-

dred you'd win the tenner. The hundredth time you'd need the Bank of England to save you. Remember, the letter must be R, no other letter of the alphabet will do. My only other words on the subject are not to back at all. That's safer."

Miss Susan Bell, Sydney beautician and well-known punter, told us she was going to back Carbon Copy for the Melbourne Cup, and gave us her reasons.

"Carbon Copy," she said dramatically, "is a Class horse, Class form, Class jockey, and Class rabbit's foot. Notice all the C's I've just said?"

"Why the Class rabbit's foot?" we asked.

"Why a rabbit's foot?" she exclaimed. "Let me tell you they're lucky. I sleep with a rabbit's foot under my pillow, and I always take it to the races. I got that rabbit's foot on my first trip to America (I've been there 13 times), and I've never been without it."

When asked if she carried any spare rabbit's feet in case one got lost, Miss Bell cried: "No! No! Do you want to hoodoo me? I'll never lose it. You know, city shops can't sell enough rabbit's feet around race-time. People go into the stores and walk past the counter, and stroke the feet for good luck. By the way, dear, have you a rabbit's foot?"

On hearing that we hadn't one, Miss Bell said kindly: "Then I'll send you one, dear. You seem to me to have a lucky voice!"



CARBON COPY, Melbourne and Australia's glamor horse, and one of our greatest stayers, has excellent Cup chance.

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THE spirit of benevolence welling up inside, I told the driver to head for home.

Why couldn't she stay in the house until the workmen started to turn it into my antique shop? I'd stay with George, I decided.

I burst into the place whistling, and stood silent for a while to have a general look around.

Then I knew she wasn't there. I sat down and stared around the derelict place, nostalgically, at the smudges of paint she had tried to clean from the floor. There was the bed to welcome me home, anyway. And that was more important than any woman.

I knocked discreetly on the bedroom door, maybe in a faint hope, and then walked in. What I didn't see hit me hard. The magnificent Pilgrim Bed wasn't there. The old, iron piece on which I usually slept had been pushed back into its position—but The Bed was gone.

I roared aloud. The little, innocent girl from the country! The scheming, revengeful termagant! Just because of a fancied insult, she had maliciously stolen the one thing that mattered in my life.

That iron bed squeaked, too, when I plopped on to it. My mind whirled with thoughts of calling the police, racing to the antique auctions where she might have taken the bed, and then held fast to one idea: Trudy Blair had to go somewhere from here. And, without money, it would almost certainly be home.

All the way in the taxi to Central my blood pressure rose. It kept rising as I searched around the station. I almost cried with joy when I saw Trudy. She was trudging along, a suitcase in either hand.

"Come back!" I yelled, and she halted, swinging slowly around. She didn't seem surprised to see me.

"Why, Mr. Hall," she said. "Have you been running, or something? Is there anything wrong?"

I stood there, breathing hard.

"Wrong?" I repeated. "Only that you've—you've stol—"

"Tut," she said, quickly and sweetly. "Were you going to use that word, stolen? And what has been stolen?"

"Look," I called, "stop treating me as if I'd just joined the kindergarten! You know what I mean." I glanced over my shoulder, as if the police were there, ready to pounce, and came closer. "Where is it?"

"Where's what?"

"You know what. The bed!"

"Oh," she said, and started laughing. It was one of my life's most irritating moments. "Are you still worried about that collection of old wood and rope? Why, I can't see. But if you are, it's quite safe, thank you."

My brow was quite damp when I felt it. And there was something clogging my throat. She placed the two suitcases on the platform and started casually to push some stray hairs off her forehead.

I croaked. "You're not going home. You're coming with me to get my bed."

She said, still very sweetly, "Your bed?"

"My bed?"

"You know," she said, "you've made two mistakes to-day. The first was your horrible suggestion that I—I—oh, you know what I mean. The second is that that squeaking monstrosity is yours. It's not. It's mine!"

Somewhat, she had manoeuvred herself behind one of her cases. I remember making a grab for her. She moved back, but one of the cases didn't. There was a sudden empty space before me and the platform came racing up. Right through my body rang a solemn, complete thwack. The floor turned into stars,

Little Miss Philistine

Continued from page 27

and trains were departing in all directions, ringing bells.

I remember being helped by strange, gnome-like creatures, all heads and no bodies. They grouped vaguely about me and then turned neat somersaults.

"She says it's her bed," I croaked. The gnomes gave way to a feathery cloud, whereon I lay while lights turned from white to green to red. My head ached vilely, but something soft and cool was stroking it.

A voice like honey said, "This is it, driver."

"It?" I said, horrified. It could mean anything.

But, as I crawled miserably from the taxi, I saw it was home. Trudy was beside me. While I collapsed on the couch, she put cold things on my head and cold drinks down my throat. Little by little, the world came back into focus.

The clearest thing I saw was Trudy, sitting close by on the couch and still stroking my forehead. "Who—who hit me?" I asked.

"I did," she said. "You asked for it, you know. And all through that silly old bed—"

The word brought me back to full consciousness. I sat upright. "That bed's mine," I cried, with some difficulty.

"Hush now," she said soothingly. "I would have told you earlier, but you were so—so—"

"So what?"

"Cocky," she said. I grabbed the glass she was holding for me and drained it. The whisky had come from the kitchen, with a little water.

It made me feel much better. "Okay," I said. "But what would you be doing with a bed like that?"

She smiled. "You've heard of the American Revolution, perhaps? Well, my ancestors were loyal. They got out, first to Canada, then to here. And they brought the stuff with them, including the Pilgrim Bed."

I RELAXED a little. It was making sense. But why did she bring it all the way from the country?

"That's easy, too," she said. "It's in the family will. You know how important even ordinary things like beds were to the real pioneer. The Family Bible lays down that the eldest daughter is to keep the bed with her. I'm the eldest."

That took some thinking over. I peeped across at her. The red hair was flowing on her shoulders and her grey eyes had a dreamy quality. In repose she was a very pretty creature.

"All right," I said. "But I've got to have it. You can't dangle a treasure like that under my eyes and then whisk it away. How much?"

"It's not for sale," she said easily.

"That's in the will, too," she stirred her. "If luxuriously and stared around the room."

"My," she said, "this would make a wonderful studio. The light's just right. And I must go on painting. You wouldn't want me to go home and confess defeat right away, would you?"

I stared at her again. "No. But when I suggested that earlier you—"

She looked at me, and her eyes were round. "Oh," she said, "I still wouldn't dream of that. But I thought you might like a look at my home—while I stay here and paint."

I took another swig of the drink. Something was happening here, and I didn't like the smell of it. "And what's there?" I asked darkly.

"More of your antiques," she said, leaning farther back on the couch. "A lot more stuff that came from England and through America in the early days."

Her hand was lying near mine, and I grabbed it. "For sale?"

"It's mine," she said.

When I pressed her fingers they responded. "And you'll sell?"

"I'll make a bargain," she said.

"Huh?"

"You let me stay in this place and paint and I'll talk business on the antiques."

"No," I cried. "This is going to be my shop!"

"But you can sleep somewhere else and come here in the daytime, can't you? And, besides," she whispered, "there's another bed—a replica of the one you saw."

That was too much. I felt the bruise on my head. It was still tender and aching. And then I looked hard at Trudy. The more I looked the more desirable she became.

"And what chance have I of getting that other bed?"

"At the moment," she said softly, "none at all. But I'm told there are methods, provided—"

"Provided what?"

"That they're honest." One of her eyelids flickered and she stirred on the couch in a sleepy way.

I leaned back and stared at the ceiling. I thought how clean the kitchen had looked when I had returned earlier that day, and how it smelt. I thought, too, that it had been pretty lonely in the house sometimes, with nobody around to share experiences.

"Trudy," I said, and she stirred slightly. "I'm going to get that bed—and those antiques."

"Yes? And how?"

"I'm going to get them," I said, "if I have to marry you."

"Have to?" she repeated. "Is that the best way you can put it? Or are you interested only in marrying the bed?"

That was a thought, too. But it didn't last for long. Just, in fact, until I turned around and looked again at her. It was all over when she leaned her head on the back of the couch and closed her eyes.

"I don't really care about the bed," I said.

She smiled. "I hoped you'd say that. Because, you know, I hadn't the slightest intention of leaving this place for good."

"No. Then why were you racing back home?"

"To get something. A refectory table Jonathan Blair brought from England when he went to America in seventeen hundred and five. I was going to try that first. If that didn't make you give me this place I was going to bring down the other Pilgrim Bed . . ."

"Trudy," I said, "you're not human."

She opened one eye, looked at me steadily, and then closed it. "I'm human enough," she said. "Just try. But which do you really want? Me or the Pilgrim Bed?"

"May I have both?"

She smiled, opened both eyes, and gently touched the bruise on my brow. Then her head was on my shoulder and I was doing the stroking.

"The bed's just around the corner," she said. "I had it moved to a storehouse. And you can have the other stuff, too."

I held her close. It was very pleasing, far more pleasing than I had thought such things could be. Then I started to laugh. I said, "I came back this morning with nothing. What have I got now? Two Pilgrim Beds and a wife."

"A wife and two beds," she corrected gravely. "You know, Wes?"

"Huh?"

"As a Philistine I don't do so badly, do I?"

"As a Philistine," I said, "you're a genius."

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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 29, 1949



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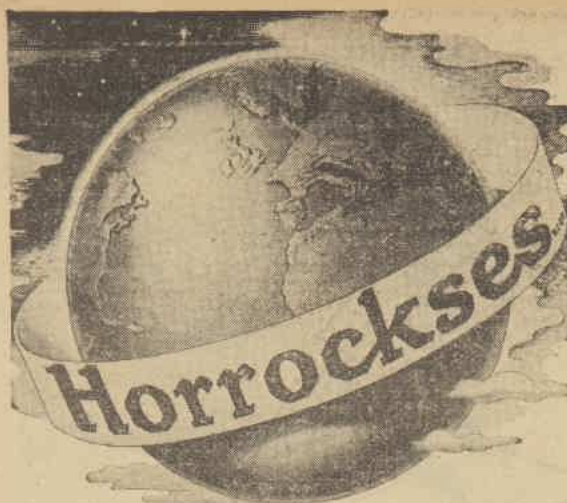
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BE THE PERFECT HOSTESS

Completely created plans for parties, dinners, tea, plans that are practical and easy to follow, making entertaining a delight, are contained in this Australian Women's Weekly "Cookery for Parties". The food schemes not only delight the eye and palate, but are essentially practical and economical. Anyone intending to entertain will find this book invaluable. "Cookery for Parties" is on sale at all newsagents and bookstalls, 2/-.

Mandrake the Magician

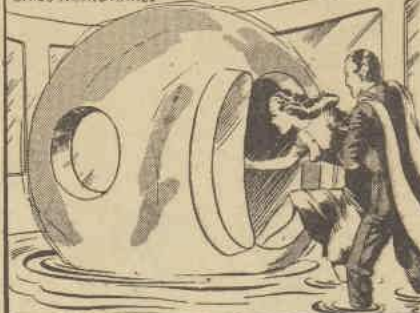


MANDRAKE: Master magician, and **LOTHAR:** His giant Nubian servant, together with lovely **PRINCESS NARDA:** Are captives in the undersea country of Atalan. Ruler of Atalan, glamorous **QUEEN ALINA:** Wants to marry Mandrake, and tells Narda to wed **TOLTEX:** A warrior. Narda re-

fuses and is about to be pushed through the death portal when Mandrake comes to the rescue. He and Narda race away, and Mandrake smashes the magnetic light machine by which the inhabitants of Atalan used to pull boats down into the depths of the ocean. He knows it can never be mended. **NOW READ ON:**



THEY RUSH TO THE WATERLOCK WHERE THE DIVING BELL STANDS. NARDA RUSHES INTO THE BELL, WHILE LOTHAR HOLDS OFF THE WARRIORS. "IF WE DON'T ESCAPE FROM THE DOME NOW, WE'LL NEVER GET AWAY," CRIES MANDRAKE.



MEANWHILE, THE VAIN ALINA, QUEEN OF ATALAN, STARES, STUNNED AT THE ILLUSION OF HERSELF MADE BY MANDRAKE'S MAGIC. "I'LL TORTURE ALL OF THEM, BUT MANDRAKE SHALL DIE BY THE SLOWEST AND MOST HORRIBLE TORTURE OF ALL!" SHE MUTTERS TO HERSELF.



IN THE DOME OF ATALAN, MANDRAKE COVERS THE DIVING BELL WITH THE TRANSPARENT METAL COVERING. THE WATER LOCK FILLS, THE GREAT DOORS OPEN INTO THE SEA...



"THEY CAN'T ESCAPE! THE MAGNETIC LIGHT WILL PULL THEM BACK," CRIES THE QUEEN. BUT MANDRAKE HAS DESTROYED THE MAGNETIC MACHINE. NEVER AGAIN WILL THEY PULL SHIPS FROM THE SURFACE OF THE SEA! NOR WILL ATALANS EVER LEAVE THE DOME AGAIN.



--FOR WITHOUT THE MAGNETIC LIGHT, THEY CANNOT RETURN. SUDDENLY, THE QUEEN SEES HERSELF IN A MIRROR--THE HIDEOUS REFLECTION, CREATED BY MANDRAKE'S MAGIC, IS GONE. SHE IS SO DELIGHTED SHE FORGETS EVERYTHING ELSE.



AFTER WHAT SEEMS AGES, THE BELL AND MANDRAKE REACH THE SURFACE, AND SO FAST IS THEIR ASCENT, THAT THEY POP OUT OF THE SEA LIKE CORKS!



BACK ONCE MORE ON THE JASON, WITH BLAINE AMAZED TO SEE THEM ALIVE--AND THEY AMAZED TO BE ALIVE! "NO ONE WOULD BELIEVE OUR STORY, SO WHY TELL IT?" SAYS MANDRAKE. THUS THE SECRET OF THE DOME OF ATALAN REMAINS LOCKED BENEATH THE SURFACE OF THE SEA FOREVER!



NEXT WEEK, NEW ADVENTURE

Interesting People



MISS JOANNE PRIEST

... ballet inspired by poet

AUSTRALIAN National Ballet has asked Western Australian choreographer Joanne Priest to produce her most recent ballet, "The Recall," inspired by a Walter de la Mare poem, for their season at the Princess Theatre, Melbourne. She studied with Kozloff in U.S.A., Astafieva and Rambert in England, and in 1939 formed the South Australian Ballet Club, for which she has created 14 major ballets. Sir Bernard Heinze once made a special trip to conduct for her. In private life Miss Priest is Mrs. N. Wilson, of Adelaide.



MR. CLAUDE MASSEY

... four years in Malaya

AUSTRALIAN Commissioner for Malaya, Mr. Claude Massey, is visiting Australia after four years at his post. Tall, with attractive personality, Mr. Massey was born in Melbourne. He was Director of Victrola for Navy during the war, and Director of Food Supply for the Commonwealth before he left for Malaya. Is proud of Malaya's newest achievement, the establishment of a University in the old Raffles College, opened this month.



MISS JEAN McKENZIE

... has charm, too

FIRST woman to be given diplomatic status by the New Zealand Government is Miss Jean McKenzie, who is Charge d'Affaires at the Dominion's newly opened legation in Paris. She has the personal rank of counsellor, and is 48 years old. She began the career that has taken her to Paris in the New Zealand Prime Minister's Department in the middle twenties. Later held progressively important Government jobs in Canberra, Canada, London, Geneva, and Washington. She is noted for her great personal charm.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—October 29, 1949

Poison in the House

Continued from page 7

STEEN waited until Gorrik had dismounted, then he said: "Holper's up to his capers again. Put a bullet through meat-dish. Nearly through me."

"Thought I heard a shot," Gorrik said. "Where's Holper now?"

"Sleepin'," Jedidah said, promptly. "Queer thing for a man to shoot off gun and drop right off like that!"

"He's queer all through," Gorrik observed. With a glance at the stable door he went on: "Tain't safe for a man to take his horse in. How do I know he hasn't woke? He might take a shot at me."

Steen said: "I've got his gun here. And he's locked in. Jedidah, hold lantern while Pete stables horse." As the horse clattered over the stone floor he called to Pete, "You'll sleep in house to-night."

"Oh, good," Gorrik said lightly, concerning his satisfaction.

"Come, Vashit!" Steen steered her towards the glimmer from the open kitchen door. "Pete'll have room next to yours, niece," he said, and was suddenly anxious. "Shiverin', eh? You ain't caught chill?"

"No, no," she said.

Reassured, he chuckled. "Got to have you good and fit for church, eh?" He squeezed her arm.

As they entered the kitchen she said, "Couldn't I sleep with Jedidah to-night?"

He discounted the notion at once. "Tisn't fit," he said. "Sides, there's no need for you to be scared now you've got two men sleepin' long-side."

Pete and Jedidah were crumpling across the yard, and said, "I think I'll go to bed."

"Not yet," he said. "Didn't I say this were night for celebration? By all! We won't let any crazy loon spoil fun."

When they were all in the kitchen, he called with the nearest semblance to joviality she had heard in his voice: "Pete, sit down long-side Vashit. Jedidah, get bottle o' best cordial and set cups. Four cups! We got news for you."

Gorrik sprawled on the form, one elbow on the table, as he gnawed his thumb. His knee made sly movement to touch the girl beside him and she sprang up hastily as Jedidah returned from the pantry. Steen, however, restrained her.

"Nay, Vashit," he said, "let us Steens be waited on by those as is humbler." He pushed her gently back on to the form and she sat on the extreme edge, hatefully aware of Pete's contaminating touch. "Now, come," Steen went on, "tell 'em good news, niece."

All right, she thought to herself, I'll tell them. She said quietly, "I'm going to be married."

Pete's heavy lids lifted for an instant, but he made no remark, and Jedidah set the enamel cups stolidly and whipped the cork from the bottle almost savagely.

"Take cups," Steen said. "You too, old woman. Us is goin' to do things in style. I'm parched with all talkin' I've done for you to-day, Vashit."

Full of his project, he went on, "I've got all Hucksditch for you; and Garvin goes out neck and crop and land goes back to them as loves it . . . to me and young woman who'll queen it from top o' hill yonder when I die. We'll drink a toast . . . the three of us. To Queen o' Hucksditch and Empress o' Pelvernon."

He wagged his head, pleased with his conceit. "Come, Pete," he said, "on your feet like gentleman."

Pete stood and he and Jedidah sipped from their cups. Steen drank deeply.

"Want you to know, Pete," he went on, "though you got new mistress, you got same good job. You've got chance of lifetime and at end o' my days, if you behave, little somethin' to set yourself up on farm of your own." He put his hand on

the girl's shoulder. "And now we'll drink to young Queen's consort . . . You, Vashit, can drink to that, too."

"You'd ask her to drink to that?"

Jedidah asked, mullenly.

"Why not?" the girl said.

She filled the cups and held hers high, smiling round at them. "To the man I'm going to marry," she said and drank.

Steen drained his cup and set it down. "Tis a good drink," he said. "And now I've got mite more to talk about to Vashit, so Pete and you can make yourselves scarce."

"What about my supper?" Pete put in.

"I forgot," Steen said. "Man must eat. You can come back and fish for yourself afterwards."

Jedidah picked up her candle from the dresser. She paused at the passage door, looking back at Steen. "You goin' to keep Holper shut up all night?"

"Aye," Steen said, "and till Ben Lake comes."

"He'll be nigh mad with fear if he wakes and finds door locked."

"He's nigh mad, now," Steen returned. "It's us as should be feared. Go to bed."

Jedidah stood her ground. "You forgettin' another as was locked up?" she asked, pointedly.

A red flush colored the old man's cheeks. "Silence!" he bawled.

"I'm just rememberin' you," Jedidah said. "One fell on cobbles. If 'nother burst his poor head 'gainst stone wall 'twould be nothin' to you, I suppose?"

"You'm becomin' as daft as Holper," Steen cried, furiously. "Get to bedside, and get down on bony knees and ask Almighty to forgive your slanderous tongue."

THE housekeeper turned without another word and the girl called softly, "Good-night, Jedidah."

There was no response, and Steen thundered at her back, "Jedidah!"

"Yes?" she said, without turning. "Vashit Steen said a good-night to you. You'll answer my niece good and proper."

"It's all right, Uncle," the girl said quickly.

"I'm one to say whether 'tis right or no," he shouted. "You'll answer my niece proper, old woman, or I'll know reason why."

Jedidah turned slowly.

"I been here thirty years . . ." she began, but Steen interrupted her.

"Thirty years, she's always sayin'. And all that time I've kept her and seen her growin' sower day by day. You're here to bear witness, Vashit Steen. She's become as daft as Holper. There's poison in her tongue and evil in her heart. Maybe Ben Lake should take 'em both."

He was beside himself now, and the girl caught his arm. "Uncle . . . let's forget it. Let her go to bed."

She appealed to the woman. "Jedidah . . . please go."

"First she shall bid you a proper good-night," Steen said.

"Will you . . . please, Jedidah?" Behind Steen's back she made a gesture, begging assent.

A little puzzled expression crept over the woman's face, but she said stolidly, "You got to learn, Vashit, you can't gainsay master o' Pelvernon."

"You said a truth, old un," Steen cried heartily. "Now will you bid a good-night like decent Christian?"

"She asked me," Jedidah said, "I'll say it. What's words, anyhow? Good-night."

"Good-night, Mistress Steen," the old man amended.

"Mistress Steen," Jedidah grumbled, and the door closed behind her.

Please turn to page 34

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Poison in the House

Continued from page 33

STEEN uttered a satisfied sigh. "Aye . . . but the old baggage can be stubborn. You mustn't take no notice of her tantrums, Vashiti."

The scene had exhausted her, but temporarily it had swept her mind free of personal foreboding. Now, with Jedidah gone, fear came flooding back. There was the night to be lived through, with the wretched Pete lying on the other side of the wall and no lock on her door.

Forestalling further discussion, she said abruptly, "I think I'll go to bed."

"Best place," Steen said. "I was goin' to talk more, but old witch has dried me up." He crossed to the dresser and lit a candle. "Get to bed early. 'Rise with the lark.' It's good motto for farm life."

He handed her the candle, smiling. "Reckon, Vashiti, that's how young consort will have it after honey-moon flush is over."

Moving past Jedidah's closed door and climbing the stairs, she remembered it was Saturday night.

A week ago Sammy Spellman and the Sisters Steen had been dancing in the bright lights of a crowded theatre . . . well, not exactly crowded, she recalled wryly. Surely, she thought, Spellman would come on Monday. And on Tuesday night she'd be far from this dismal farm.

Fifteen minutes later, she was sitting up in the canopied bed, still in her wrapper, waiting until the two men had gone to bed.

When at last there was silence from their rooms, she slipped out of bed, thrusting her feet into slippers, stepped into the passage, and, silently closing the door after her, began feeling her way downstairs.

To her surprise Jedidah's door was open and a faint light showed from the kitchen. Hesitating, she saw Jedidah emerge from the pantry. "Jedidah," she whispered.

The woman stopped dead, and her left hand went quickly behind her. "Vashiti!" she whispered back, "what do you want?"

"I can't sleep up there," the girl said. "Let me sleep in your room, Jedidah, please."

"I got a single bed." "I'll sit up, Jedidah. It's warm and I'll be comfortable enough."

The woman seemed to consider. "Very well," she said at length, and led the way into her room.

"Guess you're scared o' Pete," she said.

"He gives me the shudders." "You ain't so particular about chap old un's picked out for you. You changed your mind 'bout Steve Garvie?"

"No, no, Jedidah. I was afraid you didn't understand. Mr. Steen asked me to drink to the man I was going to marry. That was Steve. I wasn't going to tell you but . . ."

"Why?" Jedidah interrupted.

"Why . . . because Steve thought it would be better. He was afraid the secret would leak out and Mr. Steen would do something to stop it. He hates to think that by marrying me he'll cause Mr. Steen to alter his will again . . . perhaps throw me out."

"He'd do that all right."

"But it won't make any difference to me, Jedidah, really it won't." She sat down on the chair by the bed. "You pop under the sheet, Jedidah. I'll sit here and talk for a bit if you're not sleepy."

"Don't think I'll sleep much with Holper locked in stables," Jedidah said. Nevertheless she climbed slowly into the bed and sat propped by the pillow.

After a little silence Jedidah said quietly, "When I hear you givin' in to un to-night it made me sick in stomach. After how your mother stood up to un and how he prayed he was glad she was dead, I thought you'd show more spunk. Vashiti . . . you mean what you say? You don't want Pelvernon?"

"I hate it," the girl said. "I was afraid of it even before I came. I hope when I marry Steve I'll never see it again."

"Does Garvie hope that?" "I don't know, but I'll make him understand."

Jedidah said slowly: "Charlie Bates'll get rare disappointment. One way I'm sorry. Think I'd rather see you hitched up to him than to that feller on Silvanella."

"Mr. Bates can't be much of a person, letting them marry him off to a girl he's never spoken to. Letting them change his name, too!"

Jedidah chuckled softly. "Reff's got a rare way with him."

"People must hate him," the girl said. "Someone does, anyhow."

"You mean 'bout the shootin' to-night?"

"Yes."

"Don't be soft," Jedidah said. "That bullet warn't meant for Reff Steen. Twere meant for you." She went on as the girl stared incredulously: "If Pete Garrik got into your room to-night 'twouldn't be for no love-makin'." "Twould be for murder."

"Jedidah . . . no . . ."

"You're Vashiti Steen, heiress o' Pelvernon and Hucksditch. Yesterday Pete was heir. To-morrow if you was dead he'd be heir again. Then he could turn his 'ention to riddin' the world o' Reff Steen."

The girl left her chair and sat on the bed, taking the woman's hands. "Jedidah . . . you don't really mean it . . . that they . . . he . . . whoever it was fired at me . . ."

She was thinking back, remembering the flickering lamp and the way she'd jumped up to close the door against the draught. She alone was the target for the shot.

"But Pete was not home," she objected.

JEDIDAH said dryly, "Tve known Holper all his life. He couldn't fire gun at anyone and pop right off to sleep. He ain't got much brain, but he's alive with nerves. If he's excited seems like he's nearly jumpin' out o' his skin. You got to soothe him down." She shook her head.

"Sides," she went on, "he's got some crazy notion you and Dulsinia are same person and that she's come back. He liked her. 'Cause he liked her he wouldn't hurt you. But Pete . . . Pete's got good reason for havin' you out o' the way. To-night, I reckon, he left his horse up road a bit and come back to stables, fired shot, and bolted."

"But what makes you think that?"

"Him singin'," Jedidah said. "Never heard un sing before. He was givin' himself one o' they things."

"An alibi?"

"I guess that's it."

"It's all so tragically silly," the girl cried. "If he only knew for all I care he can have Pelvernon."

"He'd never believe you meant it. Neither would Bates nor Garvie."

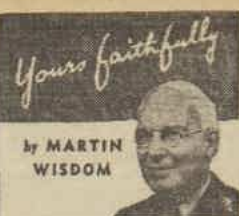
"But you believe, don't you, Jedidah?"

"Aye," the woman said. "I wouldn't want it neither if I had any place else to go. It's got a curse on it. I shouldn't wonder. It were built on land sacred to blackfellers. Reff's father had rare old wrap with 'em, them with spears and white folk with bullets. You might say Pelvernon's foundations is blood."

She moved over to one side of the bed. "We ain't so big, either of us," she said. "Mebbe you could stretch out 'longside."

A refusal would have hurt, and in a moment they were lying together. Jedidah was stretching out her hand to douse the candle when they heard a dull thumping and a wail from the stables.

Please turn to page 35



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IN a flash the older woman was up. "That's Holper woke up. I'll go and talk to him through door." She hurried out, carrying the candle and closing the door after her. Presently the thumping ceased and the girl concluded Jedidah was soothing Holper's fears.

Relieved, she settled back, but her head encountered a hard object and she pulled it from beneath the pillow. There was no light, but she knew by the feel that she was once more holding in her hand the poison jar which had fallen through the canopy of the bed upstairs.

Instantly the girl was wide awake, her mind a turmoil of racing thoughts. How she ever slept she did not know, but, all at once, she awoke to the lusty crowing of roosters, the jar no longer in her hand. It was almost light, and Jedidah was standing by the bed, saying, "You better hop upstairs before old un moves."

She sat up. "Jedidah, I'm a pig. I went off to sleep."

"It's all right," Jedidah said. "I been sitting outside Holper's door talkin' to un."

"How is he?"

"I told un key had got lost. He don't understand properly, but 'tis best I could do. He went to sleep."

Suddenly the girl remembered. "Jedidah . . . I found the jar . . . under your pillow."

Jedidah nodded grimly. "I know. I've put it away safe."

"Why did you have it here? Last night I saw you coming from the pantry. You were hiding it behind your back. Jedidah . . . you're not . . . thinking of anything?"

"I've got it handy," the housekeeper said grimly. "If old un plays tricks on me an' Holper I can play tricks on un."

"Jedidah, no . . . you mustn't think of such things."

"Did you . . . never?" The old eyes were crafty. "I been thinkin' of 'em many years. But don't you fuss 'bout Holper and me, Vashiti. You got your own life to lead."

"Promise me, Jedidah . . ."

"Promise what?" Jedidah interrupted. "That I'll let Ben Lake take daffie away and hang un for somethin' he didn't do?"

Poison in the House

Continued from page 34

The girl made a helpless gesture. "I'll ask Steve Garvie to do something. He could see Mr. Lake, surely. We can do something to help you."

"You got a lot o' faith in Garvie," Jedidah said. "Steve ain't got an ounce o' influence to stop a hangin' or a lookin' up."

"Then I'll manage to see Mr. Lake myself and talk to him."

"You'd only make matters worse. You've only got my word for what's goin' on."

"But Pete shot at me."

"You and me could say it, but old un would be believed, and Pete'd swear he wasn't anywhere near house. You leave well alone, Vashiti."

At breakfast Refl Steen announced the plans he had made. Vashiti was to wear to church something subdued but not sombre. After all, as he said, it was not only the Sabbath but an occasion for joy. Pete would stay at home with Holper.

"I'll stay and look after daffie," Jedidah offered.

Steen continued to give orders as if he hadn't heard.

"After me, Vashiti, and the old woman have gone you can let un out of stable for little while, Pete. There's no cause for you to fear. I've got his gun hid away safe."

"Sides, he'll be grateful to you for lettin' un out."

He passed the key across the table and Gorrik thrust it into his pocket.

"Twixt you, you'll be drivin' poor thing mad," Jedidah said hotly. "Let un out in fresh air while we're prayin' and he won't do no harm."

"It's all right for you, old woman," Steen said, "but you ain't been target for bullet." He wagged his head.

"My!" he said, "almost seemed last night daffie didn't want me to hear Vashiti's hauns called. Mebbe he's got soft spot for you, niece."

He slapped his palm down on the table, pleased with his facetiousness.

The girl said quickly, "I'll go and get ready."

She put on the quietest dress she had brought with her—a costume demurely grey—and rummaged in her bag and found a blue ribbon and tied it at her neck. She selected

another blue bow and took it down stairs with her.

Meeting Jedidah emerging from her room, a sombre drab figure, before the other could protest she was pinning the bow at her throat.

"Wear this for me, Jedidah," she pleaded, and was plesed when the old woman permitted herself to be half-pushed towards the bit of mirror in her room.

Jedidah said, "Tain't seemly."

"For me," the girl said. "For luck," and putting her arm about the sloping shoulders, kissed the woman's cheek.

When, at Steen's shouting, she hurried out to the paddock beyond the yard where Gorrik had the horse attached to the back-to-back buggy, Jedidah was still staring into the mirror, one hand patting the ribbon at her neck, while surprised fingers gently explored the little wetness left by the youthful lips.

Refl Steen, in his Sabbath black with a high, starched collar, and mincing in his tight elastic-sided boots, said as he helped her into the buggy, "Why, Vashiti, you look fine."

The housekeeper appeared and Pete gasped at the relieving bit of color at her throat and Steen, frowning at the delay, called sternly, "What been about, old woman? Titvatini?"

He looked down at Pete and added sourly, "With Jedidah at back, folk'll think I'm coachman to beauty and beast."

THE mare was fidgeting in the shafts, anxious to be off, and, recovering his good humor, Steen called jocularly, "Whoo, there, Betsy. By all; if she don't know it's a wedding!"

"Wedding?" The girl was startled.

"Well, 'tis preliminary. Soon you'll be castin' eyes on young consort all got up like sore finger, I'll be bound. Jedidah, up with you."

He flicked the mare with his whip almost before she had seated herself. "C'mon, Betsy; sprightly does it. You got bride-to-be aboard."

"Queen bride who don't know bridegroom," Jedidah said, sulkily.

"Listen to old witch, Vashiti," Steen said loudly as Pete opened the gate for them. "A lovely Sunday and no work for her and she's as sour as own vinegar." He shook the reins.

"Time was, Jedidah, when you rode out o' orphanage thinkin' mighty lot o' bridegroom who never toed line."

He nudged the girl at his side to let her know it was a grand joke.

She said, "Don't let us talk of the past."

"Yhear, Jedidah?" Steen cried, pleased. "There's Steen sense for you. Forget past as is done with. Look to happy future."

For a while they drove in silence, but when they came to the by-road to Hucksditch Steen said, "Your consort'll be in opposite pew, lass. You can take sly peep when you bob head for prayer."

Sitting bolt upright in the back, Jedidah alone saw the high dogcart coming down the track from Steve Garvie's place. "Vashiti might see some un in church she likes better," she remarked.

He hid his annoyance in sarcasm. "Old baggage'll be lookin' the young uns over herself, shouldn't wonder, Vashiti. Mebbe it's why she was titvatini?"

He cast a careless glance over his shoulder and caught sight of the little ribbon at Jedidah's throat and let out a great guffaw.

"Vashiti!" he cried. "She was titvatini! Got herself up with blue ribbon like prize mare at show."

The girl said quickly, "Is it far to the church?"

"Let un make fun o' me, Vashiti," Jedidah said. "I got tough hide."

"Tough hide did up with bit o' ribbon!" Steen was still amused.

"Some un else wore blue ribbon. Day she was stricken and I picked

her from cobblestones there was blood on her ribbon."

Steen brought the whip down on the horse's flank with a cruel swish. "By dang," he cried, "I'll have none o' that talk. Vashiti, take ribbon from witch's neck."

"Uncle . . . please."

"I said pluck ribbon from witch's neck," he said between his teeth, but Jedidah had already unpinning the bow and was handing it to him.

"Here it be."

He snatched the ribbon from her and, crushing it in his paw, tossed it on the roadway.

"Into the dust with it," he cried. "You'll bedizen yourself no more, old woman. If 'twere not the Lord's Day I'd give you piece o' my tongue and set you on your feet to flop home as best you could."

"I'd suit me," Jedidah said. "Almighty ain't only at church. He'd look after Holper and me at Pelvernon."

"The Lord'll look after you where I say," he said furiously.

"Now you're givin' orders to Almighty," she scoffed.

He was almost inarticulate. "Hear her, Vashiti? Basettin' me with her vinegar tongue so that I'm gettin' forced into blasphemy." He gave a mighty shrug. "But I'll not be robbed o' happiness by any sour apple. I've looked to this day for too long. Forget her, Vashiti."

The sound of the slow tolling of the church bell reached them, and with it came a voice, "Oh, hello, hello, hello. Good-morning, Mr. Steen. Good-morning, Jedidah. Vashiti, you look blooming."

Steve Garvie, in his high dogcart, waved gaily as he passed.

Steen said, "Garvie! Drivin' in dogcart as don't rightly belong to un! Dressed up in insolence!"

"Dressed up like bridegroom," Jedidah commented, and the girl's heart leapt.

"Pauper and profligate!" Steen snorted.

Anxious to get the conversation on a less contentious level the girl said, "The bell's stopped."

"Have no fear," Steen said. "Preacher won't start without me."

There were a score of vehicles outside the church, Steve Garvie's dogcart among them, but the occupants had hurried inside, eager to get seats close to Refl Steen's pew.

Steen said as he pulled up, "Gettin' excited, Vashiti?"

She wasn't really, not in the way he meant. She told herself it was just another show. She was making a first appearance before a country-bumpkin audience and, by all signs, she'd drawn a good house.

Steen helped her alight and began tethering the horse, leaving Jedidah to scramble down by herself.

While he pulled the chaff-bag from under the back seat, the girl said under her breath, "Jedidah, you will try to speak to him."

"Don't make no difference to me. Pauper or profligate or Charlie Bates twiddlin' thumbs inside there."

"But it does to me, Jedidah; all the difference in the world."

Steen came back to them, slapping his hands free of chaff.

"All ready, niece? Walk slow and keep eyes downcast. Come, now . . . my arm. Jedidah, walk behind at respectful distance."

"You better hurry," Jedidah said. "You been keepin' Almighty waitin' five minutes already." She lingered, her eyes watchful as Steen and the girl entered the vestibule. Steve was at her side almost at once.

"That was nicely managed, Jedidah," he said. "This is the message. Tell her . . . Monday night at seven at Silvanella."

"To-morrow night?"

He nodded hastily. "Mr. Steen will be at the shire council meeting at Dandaloo."

"You remember everythin'," Jedidah said.

"Don't you forget anything," he impressed on her.

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MOVED by some pockish inspiration, Henry picked up the pad and saw the impression where Lydia had written, "Bernard, lunch Warburton." He grinned as he moved off with Herc to their favorite seat in a nearby park.

Mr. Winkle was neither disturbed nor puzzled by what he had read. Bernard had been one of Lydia's earlier admirers and the two usually had lunch together when Bernard was in town.

Maybe he wouldn't have given a moment's thought to Lydia's innocent deception had it not been for a chance encounter which Fate was at the moment steering towards his bench.

Miss Father Harrigan was a filing clerk in the accounts department of Henry's firm. As such she was blonde, shapely, and not too bright. But Miss Harrigan was very amiable, in a coy fashion, and very feminine, and Mr. Winkle often rested his eyes by idly watching the activity round the filing cabinets.

Miss Harrigan pined her surprise and delight at finding Mr. Winkle on the park bench. "Why, Mr. Winkle, think of meeting you here! That's right, you do live near here, don't you? Why, we're almost neighbors; Mummie and I have just moved in a few blocks away in Clark St., you know. What a perfectly lovely dog! We have one just like him. Is he yours? I just love dogs and men—together, I mean."

Mr. Winkle, hat in hand and blushing a little, agreed that dogs and men, together, were indeed lovable.

It might have been the encounter with Miss Harrigan or the exciting activities which Henry and Bronson pursued throughout that long spring afternoon—whatever the cause, there was a small and sportive ember of unrest glowing in Mr. Winkle's breast when he sat down for dinner that evening. To his own surprise, Henry asked his wife how she had enjoyed lunch with Bernard.

"Lunch with Bernard? You mean Bernard Carlton?" Lydia tried to look puzzled, innocent, and somewhat outraged at the one time. "I didn't have lunch with him. Whatever made you think of such a thing?"

In truth, she had not lunched with Bernard—having been delayed on business, Mr. Carlton had sent his regrets in a note which had awaited her at the hotel.

The fact that both the note and the page from the memo pad were at that moment in her handbag had prompted the second question.

Henry felt uncomfortable. He couldn't admit to Lydia that he went around reading impressions on blank memo pads. He could feel his ears getting red.

His desperate search for inspiration suddenly encountered Herc, in the doorway, his accustomed dinner-time position.

"What made me think you had? Why, Herc, told me," Mr. Winkle essayed a laugh and brought out a giggle. "He must have been mistaken."

"The dog told you!" Lydia looked hard at Mr. Winkle and then at Herc, who returned the stare imperturbably. "Well, in the future, you'd better find more reliable sources for your information."

That, to the relief of both Winkles, closed the discussion. But it did not end the matter for Lydia; to her annoyance, she found Henry's ridiculous statement recurring at all sorts of odd moments.

The worst part of it was that each recall brought to Lydia's mind the picture of the back room, where she had taken Bernard's phone call the day before. There she was with the phone, and there was that dog lying on the floor and staring at her the way he did.

Now just suppose, with all that reading and plotting and planning during those hours with that dog in the back room, that Henry had found a way—

The following week, Henry had

Husband's Rebellion

Continued from page 9

a visit from a client, Mr. Buchanan, who owned a garage on the outskirts of the town. After getting the information he wanted, Mr. Buchanan rose and shook hands.

"That must have been your bumper-bar we fixed up this morning. Thought I recognised your missus. We ironed it out so you'd never know it had been scraped. Garage doors and women." Mr. Buchanan shook his head.

Mr. Winkle said he was, indeed, pleased about the bumper-bar, and carried the thought home with him that evening. He was beginning to suspect that the fortune which protects the meek was, at long last, declaring some dividends.

There was the faint smell of ham cooking—Henry liked ham and Lydia didn't, so they never had ham—and Lydia, herself, actually appeared briefly to say good evening. This unthought recognition and the promise of ham fooled Mr. Winkle for a moment.

He sniffed and tilted his head, like homelcoming husbands in advertisements.

"Ah," he said, "ham."

"That," said Lydia shortly, "is for the Library Association Committee. I'm having them to lunch tomorrow. We're having cutlets. I came out to suggest you take that dog out. He's been in the back room most of the afternoon. I wanted him out of the way while I was cleaning. And don't be long. I'd like to have dinner early to-night."

Mr. Winkle, his shoulders drooping just a little, marched back to rescue Herc. While he was attaching Herc's chain, Mr. Winkle let his resentment become a resolve.

Mrs. Winkle was cutting thin slices of bread into intricate patterns... for the Library Association Committee.

"Well, Henry, what is it?"

PLUCKING up courage, he said, "I just thought, Lydia, that you might leave the dog out in the back yard in good—"

"He was outside all the morning," said Mrs. Winkle. She went back to the bread.

"Oh," Henry said. "I'm glad you got the bumper-bar fixed," he added innocently. Then Herc dragged him away for his walk.

Mrs. Winkle put down the bread and looked out the kitchen window, frowning. She knew there was no mark on the garage doors—at least nothing that Henry would notice. And the bumper-bar was innocent of any blemish.

She had gone to that out-of-the-way place instead of the regular garage, so that she could keep her little secret.

She walked thoughtfully into the back room. There she satisfied herself that anyone—or anything—could watch the car entering the garage. Herc, from his post by the back steps that morning, had been an interested witness to the difficulty with the doors. Herc, then, had been in a position to see the damaged bumper-bar and the repaired bumper-bar. And after a few minutes alone with Herc, Henry had known.

From the living-room window Mrs. Winkle watched her husband and the dog returning from their walk. Man and dog paused on the path coming up to the house. Mr. Winkle leaned over Herc's ear. Herc shook his head in vigorous dissent. Mr. Winkle said something to Herc. The dog looked up and shook his head again.

The smell of burning cutlets called to Lydia at that moment, so that she didn't see Mr. Winkle examine Herc's other ear for ticks.

"I gather," Mrs. Winkle said when they were at dinner, "that you've been talking to someone who lives around here."

Mr. Winkle, who had been unhappily speculating upon his burned

cutlet, was unprepared for the question. He had forgotten about the bumper-bar. He looked up, startled.

"You mean Esther—Miss Harrigan?"

"Miss Harrigan? Who's Miss Harrigan?"

Mr. Winkle realised he had spoken out of turn. "Just a girl at the office. She lives in Clark Street now. I thought you asked me who had moved in around here."

"No, I didn't," said Mrs. Winkle firmly. "I wanted to know if any of the neighbors had spoken to you about the—about the bumper-bar."

Mr. Winkle leaned back. Anything was better than the cutlet. "No," he said cautiously, "I haven't even seen any of the neighbors."

"Then how—Henry, you didn't mean anything the other day, did you?" Mrs. Winkle unconsciously lowered her voice. "You know, when you spoke about the dog?"

Mr. Winkle was puzzled. "You mean Herc?" he said loudly. "What about him?"

Mrs. Winkle flushed and leaned across the table. "I mean about his—you know, about his being able to communicate things."

Mr. Winkle snickered. "How could he, possibly?"

Lydia treated her husband to an executive-type look. "It's very peculiar," she said firmly. "A lot of things are peculiar," said Mr. Winkle, who was beginning to see the light. Then he added boldly, "I don't think I'll finish this cutlet."

Such insubordination would have been unthinkable under the normal Winkle routine. This evening it was ignored—as was the household decree that Henry help with the dishes.

Mr. Winkle left the table with a little flutter of excitement. After fifteen years behind the starched curtain, he had suddenly felt the first draught of deliverance. Henry wasn't quite sure how it had come about, though he realised now that his little joke about Herc might lead to something. But was it such a joke?

Suddenly Mr. Winkle found himself captured in the web of his own fancy. Maybe Lydia had something. Pulling a chair over to the couch, where Herc was spread out, Henry sat down and studied the dog. Herc, pricking up his ears, studied Mr. Winkle.

"Well, Herc, old boy, what's next?" asked Mr. Winkle encouragingly.

He didn't have to wait for an answer. At that instant Lydia opened the door.

The sight of her husband in communion with a dog she had already suspected of being a gossip left Lydia speechless for the first time in her marital career. Her intended inquiries about Miss Harrigan were forgotten while she goggled at the two conspirators.

After the door slammed shut, Mr. Winkle returned to his chair and Bronson. There was a look of awe on his face as he picked up his book. He was convinced now that matters were well in hand.

Lydia awoke the next morning determined to rescue her peace of mind with the most direct action possible. She got busy on the telephone and tried unsuccessfully to find a new owner for the dog.

Mrs. Winkle made one more effort that day to liquidate her domestic fifth column. She saw that Herc was present during the Library Association Committee meeting and luncheon and then, after some rather extravagant praise of the dog's many virtues, confessed that the Winkles might be tempted to part with their jewel.

The result of this fiction was one small nibble—Mrs. Herbert Henshaw hinted she might be interested if Herc's pedigree was in order. Mrs. Winkle said she'd look for it that very afternoon.

Please turn to page 37

It isn't the Sunday joint that makes the baking dish a sight...



It's harsh cleaning



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115-3

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Husband's Rebellion

Continued from page 36

THE search for Herc's pedigree carried Lydia through the half-a-dozen littered drawers of Mr. Winkle's desk. She could not find it, and in her flurry a pen-wiper, souvenir of one of Mr. Winkle's seaside holidays, fell to the floor, unnoticed. Herc retrieved it and carried it off to a corner.

Balked and in the worst possible mood, Lydia got out the car and left for a shopping tour, about the same time as Henry was learning from a friend that his wife was trying to get rid of their dog. He decided to go home and see what was happening. There were no signs of Lydia, but he found Herc chewing at his souvenir pen-wiper in the back room. He picked up the wiper thoughtfully and took Herc for their customary stroll in the park.

When Lydia returned she saw Henry's hat and paper, but no sign of him or the dog. Instant suspicion made her get out the car again and drive to Clark Street. She saw a dog, presumably Herc, sprawled on the doorstep of Esther Harrigan's house. She drove home again and started packing.

Henry and Herc meanwhile had returned home. Reaching the Winkle house, Henry decided he'd continue on to the local hotel and purchase a few bottles of beer—a luxury he was seldom allowed to enjoy at home. Putting Herc in the back yard, he marched defiantly forth on his errand.

Lydia was midway in her packing when it occurred to her that her case was still purely circumstantial. The remedy for this was simple. Slipping down to the back room, she rang Miss Esther Harrigan. When a feminine voice answered, Lydia sweetly asked to speak to Mr. Winkle.

Precisely at that instant Herc's black muzzle appeared at the open window. Mrs. Winkle gave a wail, slammed down the phone and scuttled upstairs.

Mr. Winkle, returning with his beer a few minutes later, resumed Herc from the yard and tried the back door, which he found locked. After knocking for several minutes, he made his way round to the front and rang the bell. This summons caught Mrs. Winkle on her return from the kitchen door, where she had spent a horrible moment surveying the empty back yard.

Mr. Winkle, laden with beer and flanked by Herc, misinterpreted his wife's confusion.

"We've just been out for a walk," he announced unnecessarily.

Mrs. Winkle glanced down at Herc, who was wearing an expression that could only be a grin, and decided to hold her peace.

"So I see, Henry, I want to have a talk with you later."

There had been a time when Mr. Winkle would have quaked at such a summons. As a well-armed neutral, he now felt reasonably secure.

"You mean about getting rid of Herc?" he asked amiably. "Or about whatever you were trying to find in my desk?"

Mrs. Winkle, who knew when she was beaten, said, "Neither." Then, shaking her head, she went slowly up the stairs.

Mr. Winkle boldly put a bottle of beer in the refrigerator, hid the rest, and retired to the back room. He was just in time for the phone. Miss Esther Harrigan identified herself and asked if Mr. Winkle wanted her for anything.

"No," said Mr. Winkle with surprise. "Not at the moment. Why?"

"Well, someone rang here before I got home and asked for Mr. Winkle. At least, that's what Mummy says. I thought maybe she had it mixed up and that maybe the call was from Mr. Winkle." Miss Harrigan paused to tinkle a small laugh. "And that would be you."

"I'm afraid not," Mr. Winkle told her. "It must have been another Winkle."

Miss Harrigan thought that was too bad, and it was all very confusing. So did Mr. Winkle. Then, there being nothing more to say, Miss Harrigan said it by telling Mr. Winkle that her sister's dog was fine and how was Mr. Winkle's dog. After that they talked about the annual picnic and the air conditioning at the office, which gave Miss Harrigan colds.

It was quite a conversation; after it was over, Mr. Winkle had to sit down and concentrate to remember what had started it. Herc, curled in a chair before the fireplace, awoke with a start as Mr. Winkle snapped his fingers. It had occurred to him that it might, indeed, have been another Winkle who had rung Miss Harrigan.

Pondering this possibility, Mr. Winkle sought the solace of a chess problem. He had recently discovered, through the good offices of a fictional sleuth who was also a solitary chess student, that he could play both sides of the board by placing the table directly in front of the mirror which hung over the fireplace.

Pushing the chair in which Herc was resting back against the fire screen, Henry arranged his board and men and sat down to play Winkle White against Winkle Black. Herc sat up and looked interested as Mr. Winkle countered his own king's pawn opening. At that moment the audience was increased as Lydia appeared at the door.

Mrs. Winkle was dressed for travelling. She had come to present her ultimatum. Either Herc went or she went, Lydia had decided.

Mr. Winkle looked his surprise.

"Well, going somewhere?" Lydia, her abdication speech forgotten, stared at the two chess players. "I thought so," she said uncertainly. "Henrietta's... a week... maybe."

Mr. Winkle pushed himself away from the table. "That would be nice," he said. "I'm sure your sister would be glad to see you. But I think you'd better wait."

"Wait?" said Mrs. Winkle. As she watched, fascinated, Herc poked a paw at the white queen. It rolled off the board to the floor.

"Yes," said Mr. Winkle, "wait till we find someone to take care of Herc during the day. By the way, if you were ringing Miss Harrigan to find out if she'd take Herc, you were wasting your time. They already have a dog, who's practically Herc's double. And, anyway, Herc is going to stay here."

"I see," said Mrs. Winkle meekly. Henry Winkle stood up and thrust his hands into his pockets. He felt, suddenly, taller and bigger—or possibly it was simply that Lydia was leaning against the door frame.

"Yes," said Mr. Winkle, grasping the reins more firmly, "we'll keep Herc. And I think you'll get to like him, once you understand a few things. Meanwhile, as you're dressed, supposing I take you out to dinner. We'll go down to that place where they have good steaks. I think I'll have a glass of beer before we leave, Lydia. You'll find it in the refrigerator."

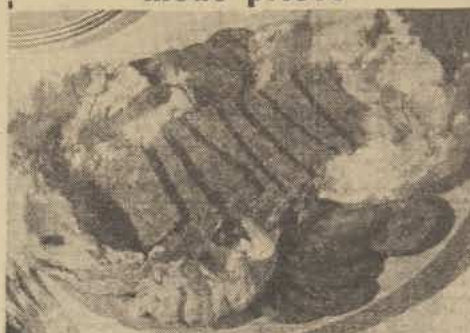
Mrs. Winkle said, "Yes, Henry," and moved off toward the kitchen. Henry Winkle, grinning, stretched his arms, did a little hop and skip, and then moved over to pat Herc's fattened brow.

"And for you, my friend," he said, "a ride in the car and later a steak bone in the back yard."

Herc stretched, yawned and gave the white queen on the floor a negligent sniff. Quite plainly, Hercules felt satisfied that things were at last under control.

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Dress Sense by Betty Keep

LINEN and cotton are both popular weaves for formal summer wear. They have been chosen by Paris as the smartest materials this season for any time of the day or night, so I advise a reader to wear a linen frock to an afternoon wedding.

Linen for wedding

"SOON I have to go to a very important afternoon wedding, and I would like you to suggest a fashionable type of frock for this event. Would a big hat look correct? I rather fancied one. And what about linen for the dress, made up into an unusual and smart design? I am very tall and fairly slim."

Soft grey, blue, or lilac-pink linen worn with a large black or white hat and the same colored accessories would be a perfect ensemble for a guest at an afternoon wedding. The design for the dress is illustrated. Notice the close-fitting bodice is finished with a Puritan-type collar. This gives a sloping shoulder effect which is new and smart. The skirt is full and stitched in self-color to match the stitching on the collar.

Holiday combine

"OVER the Christmas holidays I will be staying with friends at the seaside, and as I intend to make an outfit for this occasion I would like a suggestion from you. My age is 19, and I take a woman's fitting."

For the seaside the most practical ensemble is the swimsuit-skirt-bratop-bolero combine. Choose a cotton for the material, a pastel flower printed on a white ground or perhaps a yellow seersucker. Have the swimsuit made in one piece—see that it is genuinely seaworthy. The skirt will be best made with all-round gathers, the bolero jacket waist length, and bra proportioned to be flattering to your own figure contours.

Summery look

"I AM being married for the second time and the wedding is to be a small affair taking place at 4.30 p.m. I had in mind for my outfit a dark color for dress and accessories and a pastel shade for the hat. The weather



PURITAN COLLAR gives a sloping shoulder-line to this linen frock.

will be very hot here, so I wondered if my ideas are practical."

Certainly have a dark dress and light hat. Navy or midnight-blue organza worn with a pink coarse straw cartwheel hat and black accessories would be very smart and new. Furthermore, the ensemble would look summery and cool enough for the hottest weather. Have the dress made with a narrowly pleated tiered skirt and simple bodice finished with a low-cut V-neckline, the neckline outlined with a scalloped collar.

Frisly collar

"WOULD you advise me, please, about a renovation for a last year's frock? The frock is navy with a very plain bodice and no trimming. I want an idea to brighten it up with a contrast color. Nothing too severe, please. The dress has a V-shaped neckline."

A frilly sheer collar made with wide revers would add just that right touch of femininity and softness to your navy dress. Have the

• Although it is not possible for me to answer individually letters which arrive from every State on fashion problems, I try to deal with those of interest to the greatest number of readers. If you have a dress problem I can help you with, write to me, addressing your letters to Mrs. Betty Keep, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

collar made in white organdie (navy and white is a smart summer color scheme) with val-type lace ruffles to trim the broad, pointed revers.

Flattering style

"AS I am one of those unfortunate people not blessed with a willowy figure, I would be glad of your opinion and advice about my summer frock. I am anxious to have a tucked or pleated sheer. Perhaps this idea is not still fashionable, or perhaps you have a better suggestion."

Pleats and tucks rate high in summer fashion. Much of the pretty detail in bodices, sleeves, and midriffs is achieved through tucks. The all-pleated dress is a popular design, and you will find the vertical line of a pleated skirt is quite a slimming one. Another attractive style, and one I consider would suit your figure, is designed with a front-buttoned fastening, soft bow-tie neckline, and midriff tucking creating soft skirt and bodice fullness.

For older women

"AS one of your readers who is in her fifties (considered youthful), I would like your answer to several fashion queries. Do you think white is flattering to white hair? Is a V-neckline the only flattering one for the older woman? And, lastly, must a woman past 50 always wear a hat with a brim?"

Firstly, I consider a pinky-beige is more becoming to an older skin than dead-white. After 50, a color to flatter your eyes and skin is as equally important as one to flatter white hair. The eternal V-neckline is not a fashion must for the older woman unless the wearer has a short neck. In my opinion, a hat that rolls softly off the face can be equally becoming as a shape with a brim.

Ready to wear
or cut out
ready to make



Fashion FROCKS

"AMELIA."—A pretty one-piece with tucked detail and a low-cut neckline. The material is moss crepe obtainable in grey, sunlit-blue, apple-green, frosted-strawberry, aqua, tortoiseshell-brown, and midnight-blue.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 97/6; 36 and 38in. bust, 99/11. Postage, 2/9 extra.
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"NAN" and "JOAN."—Two smart blouses. "Nan" features the new square yoke effect and "Joan" an American peaked collar. The material is a rayon crepe-de-chine in white, pastel-pink, and pastel-blue.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust, 32/11; 36 and 38in. bust, 34/9. Postage, 2/- extra.
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N.B.: Please make a second color choice. No C.O.D. orders accepted.

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As I Read The STARS

by WYNNE TURNER.

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): You can make this week very profitable if you grasp opportunities from October 28 to 31. Some increase in income, assets, shared interests are indicated, while many could benefit unexpectedly.

TAURUS (April 22 to May 21): Partners or associates can be very helpful this week, and matters where you are in partnership with another can bring gain. The only adverse days are October 27 and November 1, the most fortunate October 28.

GEMINI (May 22 to June 21): Conditions should be very bright this week, especially during October 28, 29, and 30. Some uplift in work and finance is due and those in ill-health may expect a decided improvement. A good week for romance.

CANCER (June 22 to July 23): You have five good days this week, October 26, 28, 29, 30, and 31, all of which should bring some happiness or success in any new attachment, enterprise, or speculation.

LEO (July 24 to August 23): October 28 to 31 are good days to make important changes in environment, either to invest in land or property or to look for a new home. Be prepared for sudden and unexpected happenings in home affairs.

VIRGO (August 24 to September 23): Your contact with others could lead to some beneficial ideas, suggestions, contracts, or agreements this week, especially from October 28 to 30. Friends and relatives can be particularly helpful.

LIBRA (September 24 to October 23): A splendid week from October 26 to 31 for career and financial activities. Stocks and shares should rise, and you will tend to attract the help and goodwill of others. Go carefully on November 1.

SCORPIO (October 24 to November 23): Your personal affairs are due for an uplift this week. Act on new thoughts and ideas nearing October 28, which should help you to alter existing conditions. Enjoy happy aspects on October 29 and 30.

SAGITTARIUS (November 23 to December 22): You should find a solution to many of your problems from October 28 to 30, with some good results from work done in the past. A close associate could bring you some benefit, while any short journey would turn out well.

CAPRICORN (December 23 to January 20): Grasp all opportunities during October 28, 29, 30, and 31, for some of your hopes and wishes could be realised this week. New friends, attachments, romance, or novel experiences tend to make the week exciting.

AQUARIUS (January 21 to February 19): Unexpected events could lead to future benefits in your business or career from October 28, helping you also to become more than usually original, inventive, and constructive during October 29 and 30.

PISCES (February 20 to March 20): This is a good week to reform or improve surrounding conditions. A chance to travel, take up some new study, or meet others who can benefit you could occur from October 28 to 31.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a feature of interest only, without accepting any responsibility whatsoever for the statements contained in it. Wynne Turner regrets she is unable to answer any letters.]

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TO BE CONTINUED

TALKING OF FILMS

By M. J. McMAHON

★★ The Stratton Story

IN "The Stratton Story," James Stewart shows once again what an excellent job he can do with a typical American boy part.

This one is set a few years back, when lanky Monty Stratton, son of the soil from a hard-working mid-western family, skyrocketed to fame and fortune as a pitcher in big-league baseball.

The career of the national hero was shattered by an accidental rifle wound which caused the amputation of a leg.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer have made a fine film of the events leading up to and following the accident, and Jimmie Stewart plays the title role in a memorable, heart-warming manner.

He is humorous, tragic without being sentimental, boyish and awkward all at once, and June Allyson gives one of her best performances as his devoted wife, Ethel, who was largely responsible for Stratton's fighting comeback.

She plays it with just the right sensitivity and humor.

Other outstanding performances come from the late Frank Morgan

OUR FILM GRADINGS

★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

as a down-and-out ex-ball-player, who discovers smalltown Stratton and guides him into the big time, and Agnes Moorehead, his laconic but understanding mother.

An authentic touch is given by the inclusion in the cast of Jimmy Dykes, playing himself as manager of the Chicago White Sox, and real players Gene Bearden, Bill Dickey, and Mervyn Shea, but the baseball background is not so technical that Australian audiences will have difficulty in following the play.

In Sydney—St. James.

★★ The Beautiful Blonde From Bashful Bend

THE title of this film is singularly appropriate, since Grable monopolises the screen most of the time.

But as one who has been only mildly interested in the curls, curves, and cuteness of the blonde actress, I found the film an agreeable surprise.

Fox's variation of the Annie Oakley theme is funny, though somewhat disconnected. Betty (Freddie in the film) works in a dance hall, but instead of being cast as the sweet, homespun maiden of previous pictures, she is a real live pistol-packing momma.

Guns in fact bring about her downfall. While trying to shoot her wolfish lover (Cesar Romero) she accidentally plugs the local judge, necessitating a quick getaway with her Mexican girl-friend on a train bound for Snake City, where they pose as a Swedish schoolteacher and her Indian servant.

Her true identity is finally discovered, and she is tried by the judge who happened to be in the way in the first place, and just as it seems she is to be released the shooting starts all over again, and the unfortunate judge stops another slug.

Betty Grable has all the equipment for the beautiful blonde role, and does well with it. Outstanding performances were those of Olga San Juan, the Mexican friend, and Porter Hall, as the judge.

Recommended for those who enjoy unpretentious, slapstick comedy. In Sydney—the Plaza.

★★ A Song Is Born

IT is hard to understand why a studio with the services of a top-ranking comedian at its disposal casts him in a semi-straight role that any other competent actor could fill as well.

In Goldwyn's "A Song Is Born," Danny Kaye is subdued to the point of stoddiness, and to admirers of Kaye's clowning and clever specialty acts this is a sad disappointment.

A re-make of "Ball of Fire," released seven or eight years ago, today's production is in lavish technicolor. It has a cast of top-line band-leaders and vaudeville names, whose appearances dovetail into the story, and lush mountings.

The evolution of what is loosely termed hot music is the theme, and Kaye is shown as the milquetoast professor, tracing and recording the history of music, who temporarily quits the academy of music and the group of serious musicians with whom he has been working to investigate the mysteries of jive.

In the process he is embroiled with lovely nightclub cutie Virginia Mayo, wanted for police questioning concerning her underworld boy-friend. She crashes the academy, uses it as a hideout, and steals the heart of Danny and his elderly conferees. Romantic complications result.

The whole film is interwoven with lashings of music from Goodman, Dorsey, Louis Armstrong, Lionel



EVEN CHARLIE MCCARTHY takes a back seat when Edgar Bergen shows off his pretty little daughter Candy on the set where he is working in character make-up and clothing. Edgar introduces his daughter to leading lady Gail Russell between takes.

Hampton, Mel Powell, The Golden Gate Quartet, among others.

It is conceivable that many will get a kick out of this aggregation, but it does not compensate those who want to see Danny Kaye for laughs.

In Sydney—the Regent.

★★ The Small Back Room

THE Powell-Pressburger combination has a change to offer in this drama of those unsung heroes of the last war, the back-room boys.

Adapted for the screen from Nigel Balchin's novel, it has for central character lame scientist and research worker Sammy Rice, excellently portrayed by David Farrar.

He is an intelligent, moody man of considerable courage, who refuses to play politics for advancement and reaps little kudos for frank opinions concerning the merits of a new-type gun.

High spots of the film are the dismantling of a booby bomb, the enemy's latest secret weapon, and an action-filled scene in which Sammy seeks release from pain and frustration in a whisky jag.

Through it all he is loved, com-

forted, and encouraged by Kathleen Byron, as a co-worker in his department.

In spite of too much delayed action a supporting cast of experienced players succeeds in sustaining interest.

In Sydney—the Esquire.

★★ Quartet

SOMERSET MAUGHAM readers will applaud Eagle-Lion's picturisation of the four short stories that are adroitly blended into the script of "Quartet."

"The Facts of Life," "The Alien Corn," "The Kite," and "The Colonel's Lady" are introduced by the author, with a few salty comments.

Each episode is a gem in its class, polished by the prickly dialogue that is a Maugham trademark. "The Facts of Life" and "The Colonel's Lady" are the most impressive.

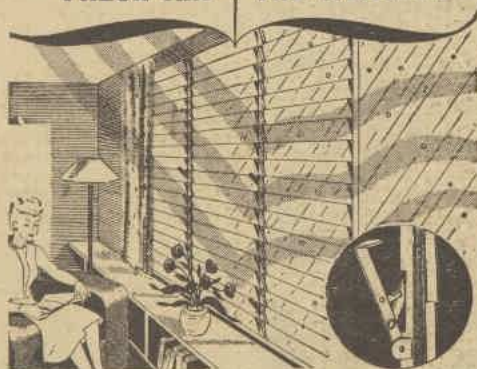
Each is acted by a separate cast, in which Cecil Parker, Nora Swinburne, Mervyn Johns, Hermione Baddeley, Susan Shaw, Dirk Bogarde, Honor Blackman, Basil Radford, and Mai Zetterling give sharp characterisations.

In Sydney—the Embassy.



BLONDE JUNE HAVOC and her favorite poodle, Grumpy, who belies his name in this candid photo snapped between scenes on Paramount's "Chicago Deadline" sound stage. The dog is one of several the actress owns and usually accompanies her to the studio.

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STAR QUARTET



GLORIA DE HAVEN, talented Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer actress who appears as a brash young night-club dancer in mystery film "Scene of the Crime."



ZACHARY SCOTT (Warner Bros.), usually cast as the suave villain, has a sympathetic role for a change as the young architect in "Death in a Doll's House," in which he is falsely accused of committing the crime.



PAUL HENREID, distinguished Viennese actor, who came to Hollywood via the stage. He will be seen next with Joan Crawford in "Flamingo Road."

MARILYN MAXWELL, beautiful blonde United Artists star, reaches her peak of fame as the gold-digger in "Champion" opposite Kirk Douglas. She was a singer.





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1 INTRIGUED by portrait of a displaced person captioned "Hildegard," Major Lawrence (Guy Rolfe) is told by Professor Menzel (Arnold Marle), who is standing nearby, it is his lost daughter, Lydia.



2 ACCOMPANIED by the professor, he tries to trace artist Campbell Reid (Robert Beatty), who dies without divulging any information, murmuring name, "Hendlmann."



3 DETERMINED to find Hildegard, Major Lawrence interviews Supervisor of Displaced Persons Control Commission, is introduced to Friends Ambulance unit worker (Patrick Holt), who offers to join the search.



4 FRUITLESS camp tours end when Major Lawrence meets Hildegard (Mai Zetterling) collecting wood. Frightened by questioning, and insistence, she runs away.

D. P. CAMP DRAMA . . .



5 INVESTIGATING disappearance, Lawrence sees Hendlmann (Herbert Lom), who claims that he is girl's father.

PORTRAIT FROM LIFE

SYDNEY BOX'S new Gainsborough romance, "Portrait from Life," tells the story of an amnesia victim in a German Displaced Persons' camp.

Swedish actress Mai Zetterling plays the part of the girl with the lost memory, whose portrait in a London art gallery is recognised by her refugee father.

British Army officer Major Lawrence (Guy Rolfe) undertakes to search Continental D.P. camps, and finally finds the lost girl and restores her memory of the past.

Co-stars are Robert Beatty, as the artist, and Herbert Lom, in the part of the camp bully.



6 USEFUL contact is camp gossip, Hans (Philo Hauser), who tells how artist Reid tried to quicken Hildegard's memory.



7 DISCOVERY that Hendlmann is hiding Hildegard in a deep air-raid shelter leads to Hans being killed by Hendlmann. Search party finds his body and shelter key nearby, and rescues collapsing Hildegard.



8 SHOWN childhood toys, Hildegard remembers that she is Lydia Menzel, and Hendlmann is revealed as a notorious Nazi, who had adopted her as part of his disguise.

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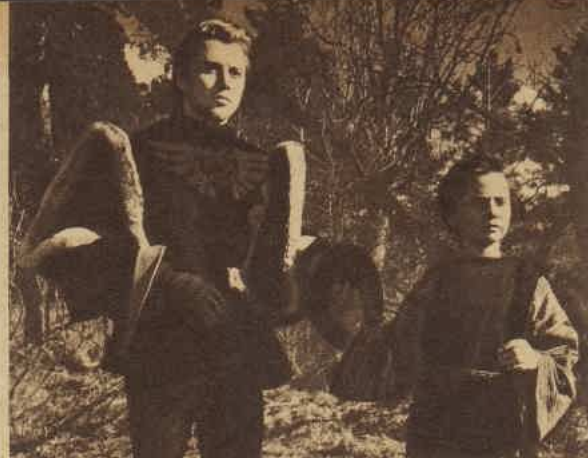
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MICHEL AUCLAIR, who has the part of the young Swedish noble, Erland, with French child actor Johnny Chambot, who, in "Singoalla," plays the child of Erland and Singoalla.

Film acted in three languages

By cable from BILL STRUTTON in Paris

Viveca Lindfors has just arrived in Paris to play a legendary heroine—in three languages—in a film, "Singoalla," made by co-operating studios in three countries, America, Sweden, and France.

On her arrival from Sweden, where she had been doing exterior scenes based on a national legend, Parisians called her "The New Garbo."

A HUGE set in the Billancourt studios awaited her. Its barbaric splendour reminded me of the grandiose decor of those used for "Hamlet" in the Olivier production.

A truly international film, it is conceived on the grand scale, destined for the screens of the world.

It casts a shadow before it—the shape of world film-making to come.

Viveca plays the gipsy heroine (the title role) of the legend in all three versions of the film.

She is only 23, but has already starred in 15 Swedish films and four Hollywood ones.

Mother of two young children, the Swedish star has reddish-brown hair, deeply expressive blue eyes, and sculptured features which the simplest tricks of make-up change in startling fashion.

Off-screen she is charmingly simple, and her practically accentless English diction is a tribute both to her dramatic coach and her own hard work in mastering the language.

French child star

FOR each scene of "Singoalla" she repeats three times the same gestures and says three times the same dialogue, in English, Swedish, and French, while most of the cast changes around her.

The only other leading player who performs this feat is a little French boy, Johnny Chambot, who does some thunder-stealing and who is obviously destined for stardom in the French studios. Viveca adores him.

Swedish technicians who have come south to France to continue the film adopted him en masse, and worship him with gestures, pattings on the head, and fearful grimaces which they use instead of words.

He is a dark, tousled child with plump cheeks and bright black eyes who usually seeks out the biggest Swede in the unit and demands in a piping treble to wrestle with him.

Except for heavy, droopy lips, Viveca Lindfors is a different person with every mood. She can laugh, look piquant and light as a thistle-



VIVECA LINDFORS as she appears in the gipsy role in "Singoalla," which is being filmed in Paris in three languages—French, English, and Swedish.

down, turn sombre, and diffuse an atmosphere charged with tragedy.

This is her second time in Paris. "When I got to my hotel in the Avenue Kleber I changed and took a taxi straight up to my favorite little cafe in Montmartre," she said, smiling, and adjusting her black tresses over a bare gipsy shoulder.

"It hasn't changed a bit. I knew exactly what I was going to order



THE STRANGE
Swedish castle of the Middle Ages which lends its own brooding atmosphere to "Singoalla," a gypsy legend. Michel Auclair and Viveca Lindfors are the lovers in the French version of the film.



VIVECA LINDFORS has the powerful title role in the film "Singoalla," in production at Billancourt Studios in France. She is a gypsy of the Middle Ages who is loved by a noble in a tragic legendary romance.

without looking at the menu. Fish soup and tournedos bearnaise.

"I have two leading men," Viveca said. "Alf Kjellin, a countryman, plays both the English and Swedish versions. The Americans have rebaptised him Christian Kellean. Michel Auclair—he was the ruffian brother in Cocteau's 'Beauty and the Beast'—plays the French version."

"The film is based on an old legend set down in a book by a Swedish author, Victor Rydberg. It is set in the 13th century when the gypsies and the Swedish nobles were almost constantly at war with each other."

"The lord of the manor falls in love with a gypsy, Singoalla, daughter of the chief of a tribe of gypsies. The story of their love ends tragically, but immortalises the unhappy lovers."

Christian Jaque, dark, youthful,

handsome as a film star, and with a great reputation in the French film world, is the director. He gives orders over the studio loud-speaker in smooth, cajoling French.

Interpreters shout translations, first in Swedish, then in English, in the crowd scenes.

Christian Jaque is faithful to his own technicians. For several films now he has re-engaged the same team of script-writer, assistant-director, chief cameraman, sound engineer, and art director. The latter, Robert Gys, is responsible for the magnificent interiors at Billancourt studios, on the edge of the Seine.

Under his direction an army of workmen have rebuilt the immense main hall of an old Swedish castle. A vast stone staircase leads up to a high gallery decorated with grinning wooden dragons, which stare down into the hallway with a savage,

barbaric air, reminiscent of the figureheads of Viking ships.

The gallery, which, apart from the guardian dragons, is without railing to prevent any unwary technician from stepping back into space and falling down into the flagged hall, is furnished starkly with iron seats and a yawning fireplace.

Director Christian Jaque, changing into a brown corduroy jacket, turned from issuing a stream of orders to prop men and camera crew, and said to me: "We first planned on shooting in Stockholm, but then decided to move three hundred and fifty kilometres to Salem in the north."

"We took a special train up to Salem—Michel Auclair, the French star; Viveca Lindfors, the mixed French and Swedish support cast, and the technical crew. And for the whole twelve hours of the journey up there we sang."

"When we got there a masquerade ball was in progress at a swanky hotel."

"Our arrival in all sorts of bizarre clothing caused a sensation among the guests, who were dancing, very sedately, in evening dress."

Gay company

"OUR boys went into a huddle, and we sneaked off to our rooms. I came down dressed as a clown. The art director emerged as a surrealist painter, my cameraman as General Goering. Another actor came in as a skier with skis."

"The guests were stupefied. Then Michel Auclair, the French star of the film and the glamor boy of the unit, seized a young Swedish girl and started dancing. In an hour's time everybody had warmed up, and in two hours the masquerade was a phenomenal success."

"And by dawn Auclair, our heart-throb, had danced with every Swedish girl at the ball."

"Our camp at Salem was beside a lake and a pine forest. We lived in the conical huts which genuine gypsies in our cast had built themselves."

"Because the gypsies were the real thing there were some crazy incidents while we were filming in the snow—of the sort that can only happen to a film unit."

"There is supposed to be an epidemic of bubonic plague which sweeps the gypsies' encampment. So the make-up men had to paint on to their faces some pretty repulsive stuff to suggest the ravages of the disease."

"Many of the gypsies refused make-up point blank, not only because it wasn't very fetching, but because they were scared of really catching the plague that way."

"They were terribly superstitious. I spent half my time talking them out of situations like that," Jaque told me.



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• A girl in her twenties may not believe now that one day she could overhear someone say, "Lovely skin and figure, but she's not as young as she used to be. That neck of hers is a give-away."

If that does happen, she'll learn, too late, one of the most important lessons in beauty care—that prevention is not merely better than cure, it's more practical.

It is easy and pleasant for the young to deal with their looks as they are now, to plan a pretty hair style and make-up for next week's party, and leave next year and the year after to take care of themselves.

But it is a sensible girl who realises that one of the greatest beauty assets is the ability to think ahead.

Start doing that by checking up on throat and chin-line contour and texture.

Even for the quite young it is not too soon to watch that outline, and if the skin is dry the neck and throat will need special care.

Let's hope, for the sake of the skin, that the day's grime and make-up are removed with cleansing cream every night, following this with soap and warm water, and finishing, if the skin is dry, with a little skin-food well massaged in.

Where skin is dry it is because the sebaceous glands are not supplying enough natural oil to keep its surface conditioned as it should be to preserve its soft, smooth surface.

It is then that face powder shows up rough, flaky patches, usually on the cheekbones and around the nostrils. Your nose may shine, but with a dry, glossy shine, like an onion skin or a dried-up leaf.

When natural, protective oils are missing there is nothing to protect it from the weather, and it then feels taut and tender instead of plump and smooth.

Next point, how far below the level of the jaw does that treatment go? Some may feel a little abashed by this question, so the answer will not be pressed.

Do remember, though, that everything—literally everything—which is done for the face should be continued down the neck.

Throats seem to attract even more grime than faces; collars have a lot to do with this, and since the neck skin is drier and more creased than facial skin, grime is more difficult to remove from the neck.

If you have not been in the habit of using cleansing cream on the throat it will surprise you to inspect the cottonwool after removal of the first cream application.

Follow this with the most thorough soap and water wash.

Dry the neck thoroughly with a soft towel, and even if facial skin is not dry enough to need skin food, give the neck an occasional dabble.

Massage it in, using the back of your hands with an upward, hand-over-hand movement which cuts straight across the natural creases, and carry each hand right up to the point of the chin.

Finish the whole thing off with a few minutes' smart patting, still using the back of the hands.

This regular treatment should go a long way towards achieving a smooth-skinned throat and a firm chin-line; but when a burst of enthusiasm or a special party prompts you to give yourself special facial care, perhaps a face-pack or a massage, don't forget the throat and chin.

Some girls like to give their necks—all the way round, and from chin to chest—an occasional special bleaching pack, and they are very wise to do so.

Quite a good one can be made by mixing enough fine oatmeal with milk to make a paste and to this adding five or six drops of peroxide.

Don't forget, if you are a make-up user, to carry the foundation well down and under the chin, especially tinted foundations.

Nothing looks quite so unattractive or gives away make-up incontinently so quickly as a hard line across the jaw where make-up suddenly stops.



It's a deep, deep, dewy, dewy rose. Harmonizes with all new Spring and Summer Fashion Colours.

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There's Real Comfort in Every Sip of Hearne's.

COUGHS & COLDS





LUSCIOUS of course
—but even More than that!



**ONE THIRD OF
YOUR DAILY FOOD
NEEDS — HERE**



**Food
experts
say:**



"One plate of Kellogg's
Corn Flakes with milk and
sugar, plus fresh fruit
and bread and butter (or
toast) gives you one third
of your daily food needs."

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES keep energy UP!

It's not how much you eat for breakfast — but what you eat — that counts. Food experts say it is just as foolish to skip breakfast as it is to over-eat—especially heavy, fatty foods. The ideal breakfast is a light but satisfying and energizing meal — such as Kellogg's Corn Flakes.

These big, golden flakes not only

taste luscious but they are crammed with energy value.

Only 30 seconds to serve . . . no greasy washing-up . . . no messy pots and pans. So serve Kellogg's Corn Flakes to all your family. Nothing can equal them for flavour, energy value or freshness. Remember to always say "Kellogg's" before you say "Corn Flakes".

**Compare the
cost with
a heavy breakfast!**

It isn't necessary to quote prices . . . you know what you have to pay for eggs, bacon, tomatoes, fish, lamb's fry (etc.) these days! One serving of Kellogg's Corn Flakes is but a fraction of that cost. What's more, one plate of Kellogg's Corn Flakes with milk and sugar is equal in energy value to three eggs; two big helpings of lamb's fry or three fish!



— **Save time, trouble, money**

Kellogg's CORN FLAKES





Hot and Cold

By Our Food and
Cookery Experts

PART hot, part cold is good menu strategy during the warm late spring and early summer weather.

Delicious and satisfying dinner menus which include one stimulating hot dish are given on this page.

Flavor combinations are interesting, salads provide an attractive color note, and the menus are nutritionally well balanced.

A recipe is included for a salad dressing that keeps well. A large quantity of this may be made and stored in screw-topped jars in ice-chest or refrigerator.

All spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

MENU 1

(See color photograph)
Jellied tomato juice
Creamed rabbit casserole with
pumpkin scone whirled
Salad platter
Fruit custard fluff

JELLIED TOMATO JUICE

One pint tomato juice, 1 teaspoon sugar, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 teaspoon Worcestershire sauce, 2½ dessertspoons gelatine, ½ cup hot water, salt to taste, cucumber and parsley to garnish.

Combine tomato juice, sugar, lemon juice, and sauce. Heat to simmering point. Fold in gelatine softened in hot water. Stir until dissolved. Add salt to taste. Pour into basin, cool, chill until just before serving. Chop finely (in the basin) with a knife, spoon into serving cups or dishes, garnish with cucumber and parsley.

CREAMED RABBIT CASSEROLE WITH PUMPKIN SCONE WHIRLS

Diced flesh of 1 steamed or boiled rabbit, ¾ cups medium thickness white sauce, 1 cup cooked celery, ½ cup diced cooked carrot, 2 tablespoons diced par-boiled red pepper, ½ cup diced ham or cooked bacon, salt and pepper to taste.

GAY COLOR and unusual flavor combination make this simple dinner menu outstanding. Dishes illustrated include jellied tomato juice, rabbit casserole with pumpkin scone whirled, salad, and a delicious fruit custard dessert.

Combine all ingredients, fill into ovenware dish. Prepare pumpkin scone whirled.

Pumpkin Scone Whirled: Cream 1 tablespoon margarine or butter with 1 tablespoon sugar. Beat in ½ to ¾ cup dry mashed pumpkin. Work in 1½ cups self-raising flour sifted with ½ teaspoon salt, making a firm scone dough. A little milk may be necessary if pumpkin is very dry. Turn on to floured board, knead slightly, roll to barely ¼ in. thickness. Spread with peanut butter, warmed to spreading consistency. Moisten edges, roll up as for swiss roll, cut into ¼ in. slices. Pack closely together round edge of casserole. Bake in hot oven (425deg. F. gas, 475deg. E. electric) until whirled are cooked and meat mixture thoroughly heated. Serve hot, garnished with parsley.

FRUIT CUSTARD FLUFF

Two cups well-drained stewed fruit, or fruit salad drained free of syrup, 1 pint milk, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, 1 tablespoon sugar, 2 eggs, 2½ dessertspoons gelatine dissolved in ½ cup hot water, cream or cream substitute and cherries to decorate.

Arrange fruit in serving dish. Blend cornflour with some of the milk, add balance of milk and sugar. Stir until boiling, simmer 3 minutes, cool slightly. Add egg-yolks, cook 3 or 4 minutes longer—do not boil. Cool, fold in dissolved gelatine. When quite cold and beginning to thicken fold in stiffly-

beaten egg-whites. Pour over fruit, chill until set. Decorate with cream and cherries.

MENU 2

Chilled salad cream soup
Sliced cold meat with symphony
salad
Savory stuffed tomatoes
Banana cake crumb pudding

CHILLED SALAD CREAM SOUP

Two cups thin white sauce, 1 cup chopped shelled prawns, 1 dessertspoon chopped chives or shallot, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, 1 teaspoon chopped parsley, 1 dessertspoon (or less) lemon juice, salt and cayenne pepper to taste, ½ cup finely shredded lettuce.

Combine all ingredients except lettuce, chill thoroughly. Add lettuce just before serving, or sprinkle over the top as a garnish.

SYMPHONY SALAD

Lettuce leaves, thinly sliced, unpeeled cucumber, thickly sliced and cored unpeeled red apple (drenched with lemon juice to prevent discoloration), thinly sliced onion, pineapple, and orange, celery curls, prunes stuffed with cream cheese, mayonnaise.

Arrange lettuce leaves on large salad platter. Make a border of overlapping slices of cucumber, apple, onion, orange, and pineapple. Pile centre of platter with stuffed prunes and celery curls. Serve mayonnaise in separate bowl.

Continued on page 50

"Snack"

the only
chocolate
block with
these 4 luscious
centres



"CREAM CARAMEL"

"STRAWBERRY CREAM"

"TURKISH
DELIGHT"

"FRUIT
SUNDAE"



No less than *twelve* separate chocolates in every 1/4-lb. block—that's what "Snack" gives you! Three each of those four mouth-watering centres—and every one lavishly coated with MacRobertson's nourishing full-cream milk chocolate. So ask for "Snack"—for your sweet tooth.

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If your diet falls within the gap between that causing frank illness and that which brings perfect health, you may have "nothing much wrong with you" that you can talk about to your doctor—but still not be well. Vague stomach trouble, indefinable aches and pains, headaches, tiredness—all the symptoms we sum up as "not quite 100%"—a diet deficient in Vitamin may well be the cause of just these symptoms. Modern processed foods and the feeding habits of civilized man both tend to dictate such a diet.

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SEND 20/- FULL TWENTY DAYS' COURSE.
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RECESS SPONGE filled with fruit salad and chopped jelly is a light summer dessert. The other two hot-weather sweets illustrated suggest ways of using stale cake. In one it is cut into squares or circles and topped with ice-cream and chocolate sauce; topping on the other is sliced pineapple, nuts, cream, and cherries.

Luscious cake wins £5

BLENDED flavors of peanuts, chocolate, honey, and sherry make this cake a worthy prize-winner.

A light steamed pudding which wins a consolation prize will please those who like this type of pudding, even in warm weather.

Now send in your favorite; it may win you a cash prize of £5.

Remember, all spoon measurements refer to level spoons.

CHOCOLATE PEANUT CAKE WITH HONEY FILLING

Three ounces margarine or butter, 4 tablespoons peanut butter, 1 cup sugar, 1 egg, 1 1/2 cups self-raising flour, 1 cup cocoa, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 cup milk, few drops vanilla essence.

Cream margarine or butter with peanut butter, gradually add sugar, continue beating until well creamed. Add egg, beat well. Fold in sifted dry ingredients alternately with milk and vanilla. Bake in two greased 8-in. sandwich-tins in moderate oven (375deg. F. gas, 425deg. F. electric) 25 to 30 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, join with honey filling, top with soft chocolate icing, and decorate with peanuts and cherries.

Honey Filling: One ounce margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon honey, 7oz. icing-sugar, 1 dessertspoon sherry.

Cream margarine or butter with honey. Gradually add sifted icing-sugar, then sherry. Mix well.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. C. G. Pattinson, Hows Rd., Toombul, Brisbane.

STEAMED FRUIT PUDDING

Four ounces margarine or butter, 1/2 cup sugar, 2 eggs, 1/2 cup fine white breadcrumbs, 2 cups mixed fruit, 2 cups self-raising flour, 3 teaspoons spice, 1/2 cup milk, pinch of bicarbonate of soda.

Cream margarine or butter and

sugar. Add eggs one at a time, beat well. Fold in breadcrumbs and fruit, then sifted flour and spice alternately with milk in which soda has been dissolved. Fill into greased pudding basin, cover with greased paper, steam in covered saucepan with water coming half-way up sides of pudding basin for 2 to 2 1/2 hours. Serve with custard or lemon or orange sauce.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. V. Elphick, c/o Mr. F. Crowe, Gaborralong, N.S.W.

CHEESE BEAN SUPREME

One cup haricot beans, pinch bicarbonate of soda, 1 tablespoon bacon fat, 2 small onions, 1 cooked carrot, 2 medium-sized tomatoes, 2 cooked bacon rashers, 1 tablespoon flour, salt, pepper, 1/2 cup vegetable stock or water, 2oz. grated cheese, breadcrumbs and margarine or butter for topping.

Soak beans overnight, well covered with water in which soda is dissolved. Drain, add fresh water, cook uncovered 1 to 2 hours or until tender, or pressure-cook 15 minutes. Melt fat in pan, add peeled and sliced onion. Fry gently until golden brown. Add sliced cooked carrot and sliced skinned tomatoes. Cook gently until soft. Add chopped cooked bacon and drained beans, mix well. Season with salt and pepper, add half grated cheese, pour into greased oven-proof dish. Brown flour in pan, add stock gradually, stirring well. Season with salt, bring to boiling point, stir and cook 2 to 3 minutes. Pour over bean mixture, sprinkle with balance of cheese, cover lightly with breadcrumbs, dot with margarine or butter. Place in moderate oven until cheese is melted and mixture reheated. Serve immediately.

Consolation Prize of £1 to K. E. England, 4 Omeo, 42 Bayswater Rd., King's Cross, N.S.W.

Hot and cold Continued from page 49

COOKED SALAD DRESSING

Two tablespoons margarine or butter, 2 eggs, 1 cup milk, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon mustard, 1/2 cup vinegar, 1 tablespoon condensed milk.

Melt margarine or butter; add beaten eggs and milk, sugar, salt, and mustard. Stir in vinegar a little at a time. Stir over gently boiling water 10 to 15 minutes. Allow to cool slightly. Stir gradually into condensed milk in basin. When well mixed bottle in screw-top jar, keep in ice-chest or refrigerator.

SAVORY STUFFED TOMATOES

Four medium-sized tomatoes, 1/2 cup drained sweet corn, 1 teaspoon chopped onion, 1 tablespoon chopped ham (or cooked bacon), 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, salt and pepper, few breadcrumbs, small quantity margarine or butter.

Cut slice from top of each tomato. Scoop out pulp, reserve for future

use. Combine all other ingredients (except crumbs and margarine). Fill into tomatoes. Top with crumbs, dot with margarine or butter. Bake in moderate oven until tomatoes are soft but not broken—about 20 minutes. Serve piping hot.

BANANA CAKE CRUMB PUDDING

One cup stale cake crumbs, 2 cups milk, pinch bicarbonate soda, 3 eggs, 1/2 cup mashed bananas, 1 teaspoon grated lemon rind, 4 tablespoons sugar, few drops vanilla.

Warm milk and bicarbonate soda, pour over cake crumbs. Stand 15 minutes. Beat in egg-yolks, bananas, lemon rind, sugar, and vanilla. Lastly fold in stiffly beaten egg-whites. Turn into greased ovenware dish, stand in tray of warm water. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F. gas, 400deg. F. electric) until set—about 40 to 45 minutes. May be served hot or cold with cream, cream substitute, or ice-cream.

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"DAD'S marvellous!" says the busy Housewife. "DAD does all the washing for me. The most stubborn grease stains—the most obstinate dirt is dissolved gently and swiftly by DAD. Yet clothes and linen remain as good as new, for DAD treats the most delicate fabrics with the utmost care. Believe me, DAD is marvellous!"

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Remove the Cause

WHEN waste matter is allowed to accumulate in the colon it has three effects. It weakens the muscular power of the body to remove it. It creates poisonous products which through the circulation reach every cell in the body. It forms a breeding-ground for germs by the millions. That is the reason high authority to-day regards constipation as primarily responsible for eighty-five cases in every hundred of serious illness. Why specialists all over the world have made internal cleanness their slogan.

Coloseptic overcomes the possibility of Autointoxication—from the words auto (self), toxin (poison)—by inducing better Internal Cleanness.

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All by itself
the Bendix fills with water
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in fresh water...
damp dries clothes...
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shuts itself off

AUTOMATICALLY

Words are not adequate to tell just how clever the Bendix is. When you see it yourself, you realise that it is truly a miracle when a full 9-lbs. wash is placed in its shining interior... when you see the dials set, soap powder put in and then through the porthole you watch the clothes being gently but thoroughly tumbled in the hot, creamy suds.

Then the soapy water is showered away... two deep rinses in sparkling clean water... the clothes spun... damp-dried. Finally, the Bendix drains itself, cleans itself and shuts itself off. Here is the Automatic Home laundry you've been waiting for... a washer that will never get out of date. The Bendix will assure you of workless washdays because it does everything!

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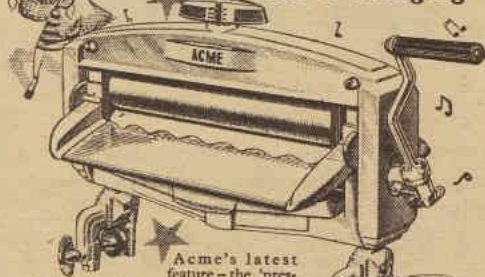
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VASES in the shape of a bright hand grasping a scroll have been filled with dark red and amber roses, white camellias, daffodils, and other spring blooms, arranged by Mrs. Denis Allen, for the Red Cross Flower Festival.



SHELL VASE filled with flowers made from sea-shells and seaweed, lacquered bright colors and cemented firmly together on a large shell base.

Unusual flower pieces

A BIG attraction at the Red Cross Flower Festival in Sydney was the flower arrangement section.

One exhibit showed the treatment of similar bunches of flowers by five people. One of the vases is shown here.

Also shown is a flower piece arranged with painted sea shells and seaweed, by Odette Hoppe, and a glimpse of the picturesque collection of cacti and succulents which was displayed.

Reproductions of outstanding flower pieces taken by our color photographer at the festival will be featured in a future issue of The Australian Women's Weekly.



SHELL-PINK peonies, in a round bowl, make a pretty display. This English shrub grows beautifully in cool climates.

Color is important in decorating

COLOR in your home plays a part in your life and the life of your family, says Nora S. McDougall, in her book, "Make Your House a Home."

Color, she says, can make a room seem warmer or cooler, spacious instead of cramped and gloomy; bright, soothing, and relaxing.

To choose the right color you must consider the aspect of the room, as this plays the most vital role. In Australia, north is the warmest aspect and south the coldest. Therefore, you should try to cool the hot rooms and warm the cold ones.

Cool colors are greens, blues, and mauves; warm ones, reds, pinks, and yellows.

The eastern aspect is the easiest for which to choose a color scheme. It gets the bright morning sun, but by midday a shadow commences, and later it receives only a pleasant reflection of the afternoon light. Here you can let your imagination play and decorate rooms in either warm or cool colors.

But a room with a western aspect, especially in the country, is a very different problem. It gets no morning warmth to chase away the shadows of the night, yet catches in the afternoon all the heat and glare. Choose colors carefully for western rooms to give a feeling of lightness and brightness in the morning and to reduce the effect of afternoon heat. A 50-50 "warm and

cool" color proportion should strike a satisfactory balance.

To understand the "make-up" of colors you must begin with the primary ones, red, yellow, and blue.

These brilliant three are called the "eternal triangle." They are the only three pure colors that are not made from a combination of other colors.

When any two primary colors are mixed together they produce a secondary color—orange, green, or purple; when mixed again they become the greyed or tertiary colors in their correct tints and shades.

Color definition

PRIMARY red is the red of the geranium, not the vermilion for which it is often taken, and which contains too much yellow. Primary yellow is the yellow of a ripe lemon, and primary blue is purest "blue-bag."

Rooms are seldom decorated in the pure primary colors, they are generally greyed or toned down, and the pure color only used in a very small proportion to accent the paler shades.

The harmony of colors is largely decided by their intensity or strength. A strong blue would kill a pale pink, but if the blue is broken down or the pink deepened then they will harmonise.

The size of the area is a guide to what tone of color to use. For instance, pale colors are best for large surfaces such as walls and ceilings, where they give a feeling of light and space.

Pale colors reflect the light; dark walls absorb it; therefore, dark-toned walls make a large room look smaller, and light walls appear to increase the size of a small room.

The brilliant or full-tone colors are used to advantage in the furnishings, such as curtains, cushions, pottery, pictures, and books.

In shadow, many pale colors lose their life, they become drab or broken, so that shady rooms need brighter, but not heavy, tones, such as rosy-red, clear, soft blues, and lemon-yellows.

Texture, too, has an effect on color. Rough surfaces break the light into small shadows so that the color seems darker and warmer. Red velvet, because of its pile, will look different from the same red seen in a smooth, shiny satin. A textured carpet and a glossy linoleum of identical color will be found to give a different color effect.

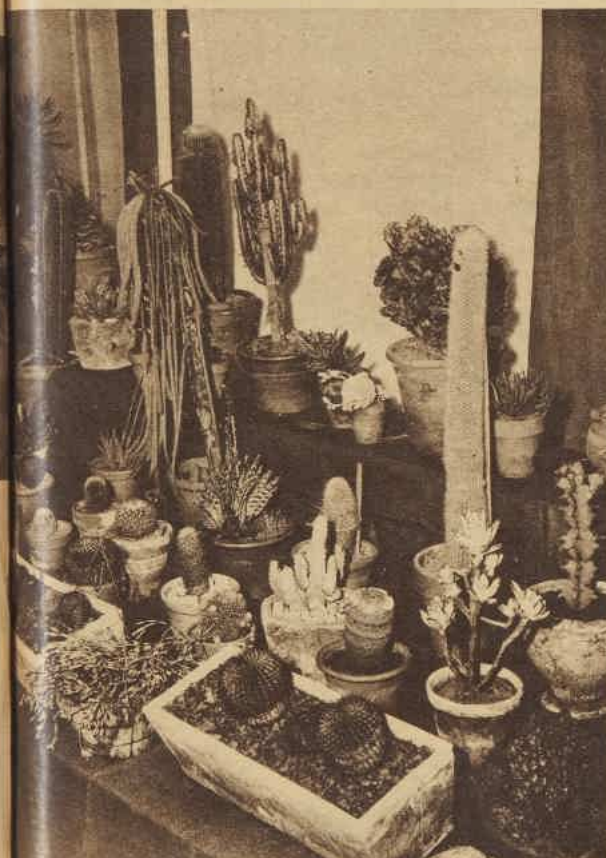
Be careful how you pep things up. Old furniture teams with subdued colors.

Only the new modern pieces can stand the brilliance of vivid colors.

Don't decide to use your favorite color if it is not suitable to the aspect of the room, because it may not stay a favorite for long in that case, is the author's advice. Unless you can analyse it in this way you may not understand why it has fallen from grace or how to correct the error. But you may find just the right color in a flower, a picture, or a lovely piece of material.



PICTURE in background shows room for which this bowl of mixed flowers was arranged by Mrs. Tom Rutledge, one of five different treatments of similar blooms. Spot she picked for it was in front of mirror between statues. Standing on a gilded wall bracket, the little Dresden vase, at the right, is filled with "Trades Cantia," the common trailing plant found in most gardens, but one which makes an attractive, long-lasting decoration.



CACTI, quaint and ornamental subjects for tables or window casements, are the touch-me-nots of the garden, because of their prickly nature. This collection was shown at the Red Cross Flower Festival in Sydney.

Post-natal exercises . . .

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

IT is often thought that the special exercises which have been worked out by experts and advised for mothers after the birth of infants are only for restoring the figure to its former contours.

These exercises are demonstrated in many hospitals and are begun in bed, and regulated according to the mother's condition.

They should be continued after returning home, as they strengthen abdominal muscles which have been

stretched, thus preventing a pendulous abdomen, and are also beneficial to the general health.

They tone up the muscles of the breasts and help to ensure an adequate milk supply, and they help the pelvic organs to return to their original size and correct position.

These exercises (as well as pre-natal ones) are demonstrated at the free pre-natal service of The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney.

Hours of demonstrations: 10 a.m.-12 noon and 2 p.m.-4 p.m., from Mondays to Fridays.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

FRESHEN mother-of-pearl buckles or buttons by covering them with a paste made of whiting and water, and allowing it to dry before rubbing off and polishing.

STALE bread will clean light-colored suede gloves.

IT is a good plan to boil cauliflower in a piece of butter muslin, so that it can then be removed from the saucepan without breaking.

IF you stitch steel-wool to centre of a washable pot-holder you will find it easier to scour pots without hurting your hands.

I'VE just come across a new gadget that puts the ordinary tape measure to shame. Made of steel, and small enough to slip into your handbag, it's designed for quick, easy measurement of hems, tucks, zippers, buttonholes. This sewing aid also has a knitting-needle gauge incorporated in the handle.

WHEN washing soft polishing dusters, rinse them in slightly soapy water instead of clear water. They will be much softer and polish better.

How to grow big-hearted lettuce

LETTUCES are often difficult to grow during hot weather, but this is due to the gardener neglecting to make the soil as rich as possible and failure to water and feed regularly during growth.

Lettuces are gross feeders, have to grow fast, and require heavy and constant watering during summer months. They grow well in either light or heavy soils, but in all cases the ground must be well endowed with ample rotted manure. In addition, some fertiliser consisting of three parts of superphosphate and one part of sulphate of ammonia should be well mixed in immediately under the rows.

Set plants out 8 to 10 in. apart, water heavily and regularly, and apply some sulphate of ammonia or nitrate of soda, 2oz. to 4 gallons of water, every 10 days.

At this time of the year only summer varieties should be sown or planted. These are Imperial 847, Imperial 44, Iceberg, Mignonette, Mammoth Salamander, and New York 12.

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Robin Mond Shoes

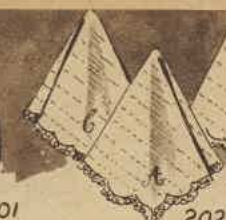
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THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — October 29, 1949



NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 200—LITTLE GIRL'S PROCK, PANTIES, AND SUN-BONNET.
Cut out and ready to sew, this pretty outfit is in a floral haircord on a white ground, with toings of pink, lemon, and green; blue, pink and green; cyclamen, pink, and green; lemon, green, and brown.
Sizes: Length, 18in., 2 yrs. frock 7/2, panties 7/2, bonnet 7/2, complete set 13/6.
Length, 18in., 3 yrs. frock 7/2, panties 7/2, bonnet 7/2, complete set 13/6.
Length, 20in., 4 yrs. frock 8/1, panties 7/2, bonnet 7/2, complete set 13/6.
Length, 22in., 5-6 yrs. frock 8/8, panties 7/4, bonnet 7/2, complete set 13/6.
Postage: Prock, registered postage 10/4d. extra. Panties, postage 4/4d. extra. Bonnet, postage 5/4d. extra. Complete set, 2 yrs., registered postage, 11/4d. extra; 3 yrs., registered postage, 1/2 extra; 4 yrs., registered postage 1/3 extra; 5 yrs., registered postage 1/4 extra.

No. 201—PEG BAG.
Ready to make up and embroider, this peg bag, measuring 11 x 17in., is in a British headcloth in blue, lemon, pink, and green. When completed, place an ordinary coat-hanger in the top. Price 2/1. Postage 4/4d. extra.

No. 202—INITIAL HANDKERCHIEFS.
So suitable for Christmas gifts or for yourself, these handkerchiefs, measuring 11in. x 17in., are traced ready to embroider on sheer linen in white, blue, lemon, pink, green, and sky; also in fancy eyeleted

violet in white, pink, and sky. Finish with a narrow lace edge (lace not supplied).
Price: Linen, 1/2 ea. or set of three, 3/6. Vols. 1/2 ea. or set of three, 2/9. Postage, 3/4d. extra.

No. 203—BLOUSE.
This dainty blouse with a bow at the neck is cut out ready to sew in a clip spot muslin in a pink, green, or blue spot on a white ground. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 17/3; 36in. and 38in. bust, 18/11. Registered postage, 1/3 extra.

No. 204—BLOUSE.
Cut out and ready to sew, this cool blouse with its frilled collar is in white, blue, and pink rayon crepe-de-chine. Sizes: 32in. and 34in. bust, 18/11; 36in. and 38in. bust, 19/9. Registered postage, 1/3 extra.

No. 205—SKIRT.
Large pockets and the newest buttoned front are features of this gay skirt of striped spun linen. It is cut out ready to sew in red and white, brown and white, navy and white, or green and white. Sizes: 24in., 26, 28, 30, and 32in. waist, 18/11. Registered postage, 1/4 extra.
* When ordering Needlework Notions Nos. 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, please make a second color choice. C.O.D. orders not accepted.

200

• TO ORDER: Needlework Notions and Fashion Patterns may be obtained from our Pattern Department. If ordering by mail send to address given on page 38.

Fashion PATTERNS



F5692.—Pretty one-piece with softly draped skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5693.—Smartly tailored suit. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Price 2/4.

F5694.—One-piece designed for a summer sheer. Bodice has tucked detail. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material. Price 1/11.

F5695.—Tailored shorts and blouse with plunging neckline. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 1yds. 36in. material for shorts and 2yds. 36in. material for blouse. Price 2/4.

F5696.—Doll, with printed face and clothes. Size 18in. high. Requires 1yd. 36in. material for doll, 1yd. 36in. material for dress and bonnet, and 1yd. 36in. material for slip and panties. Price complete, 2/8.

F5697.—Softly tailored one-piece has contrast bands for trim. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. plain material and 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 1/11.



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Here at the Golf House you'll enjoy the holiday you've always wanted! Get all the details—send for illustrated folder now!

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The Golf House
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★
Her skin so very lovely

"My dear," said Anne, "this Charmosan face powder is perfectly THIRTEEN. You know, I'm not young, but it makes me LOOK ten years younger and twice as pretty."
"It puts a certain 'something' into my skin that looks like youth itself; a soft, clear, subtle charm, a rose-petal softness that makes my skin look so NICE, so SWEET."
"I'm 37, I know. But Powder Charmosan makes me look hardly 25. And prettier, too, you say? I know. I'm so happy."
"I feel gay & / vivid and young with Powder Charmosan on my skin. O, I am happy. People notice me, now. Men like me. Perhaps, some day—who knows?"
Charmosan face powder has a precious gift never found in ordinary powders: the gift to be SUBDUED and CONCEALED faults and signs of age in your skin so that they seem no longer there.

Charmosan face powder

In five modern shades: Rachel, Dark Rachel, Naturelle, Peach, Sun Tan. And add to your glamour with Charmosan Lipstick. Try Red Robin: It is the loveliest of all true reds—so natural.



More Fun with the Kiddies!

NAGGING BACKACHE DISAPPEARS
You'll enjoy a romp with the children, once you discover how to relieve that backache. Often the trouble is tired kidneys, which permit poisons to remain in your blood. This may cause nagging backache, rheumatic pains, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, disturbed nights, swelling, headaches and dizziness. Get sure, safe relief by taking DOAN'S Backache Kidney Pills, a stimulant, diuretic, used successfully by millions for over 50 years. At Chemists and Stores all over the World.

DOAN'S BACKACHE KIDNEY PILLS
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Stay as sweet as you are with
Staisweet
The Deodorant you can trust
Staisweet

* IT KEEPS ON KILLING FOR WEEKS!

SPRAY ONCE A MONTH

* This original slogan, created by NUMBER 13 to describe truthfully the long-lasting killing power of this miracle insect spray, has been widely imitated and copied. To guard against imitations, always look for the name 'NUMBER 13' with the distinctive red triangle on the yellow label.



FOR BEDROOMS. Spray curtains, ceilings, walls, carpets, skirting boards, etc.



FOR KITCHENS. Spray walls, ceilings inside and outside cupboards, etc. Paint the spray on window sashes with brush.



IN LINEN PRESS. Spray everywhere and guard completely against moth and silverfish.



ON RUBBISH BINS. Spray this breeding ground—and stop flies breeding.



SPRAY THE SURFACES WHERE INSECTS LAND!

Taylor's NUMBER 13

D.D.T. SPRAY

1/6d A BOTTLE - ALSO THE FAMILY ECONOMY SIZE
- A FULL PINT TO LAST ALL SUMMER 3/2d A BOTTLE

AT ALL STORES EVERYWHERE

You don't need to spray wastefully into the air, half suffocating yourself. You spray surfaces only. The spray dries, leaving a fine, invisible film which lasts for weeks and keeps on killing every insect that touches it even for a second. It kills all flies, silverfish, ants, moths of all kinds, mosquitoes, cockroaches, sandflies, fleas, bedbugs and other insect pests.



TAYLOR'S NUMBER 13 D.D.T. POWDER

To keep your dog free from fleas and to protect him against tick, dust him once a month. Bathing is bad for a dog's health. Powdering is easy and safe, and—happy dog!—he can't bring fleas into the house any more!

1/3d
a large tin



TAYLOR'S NUMBER 13 D.D.T. EMULSION CONCENTRATE

It kills such agricultural insect pests as codlin moth, thrips, mirids, harlequin bug, cabbage moth and scale. It mixes with water in one second. On the label you will find full details of this gardener's friend.

2/4d
a bottle

INSECTS FLY OUTSIDE TO DIE!

Any insect touching a surface sprayed with NUMBER 13 is doomed. It must die. But it does not die instantly—and by insinuating it seeks to get out into the open air. Therefore you can leave your doors and windows open for fresh air. Your floor will not be littered with dead insects—yet your house will be kept completely free of insect pests when you spray **ONCE A MONTH** with NUMBER 13—it keeps on killing for weeks!

Manufactured by the Chemical Division of Taylor's Paints Pty. Ltd., Melbourne, N.S.W. (P.O. 1121)

